HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. III.—No. 115.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859. [Price Five Cents.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that the regular edition of the paper exceeds

75,000 COPIES,

and that it is the best and cheapest advertising medium in the country. No existing advertising sheet meets so many eyes, or circulates among so select a class of readers. Its circulation is widely diffused throughout the country, North and South; it is read from New Orleans to Quebec, and from Minnesota to Florida.

The proprietors believe that the large circulation which the *Weekly* has obtained is due to the fact that it is the best illustrated and family newspaper in the country. They intend that it shall continue to improve.

TERMS.

One copy for one year			$2 50
Five copies,	"	"	9 00
Twelve,	"	"	20 00
Twenty-five,	"	"	40 00

THE GOLDEN RELICS.

[A woman was lately found dead in the basement of an unfinished house in New York, having evidently perished from starvation; upon her shriveled finger was a gold ring, and carefully sewed in her under-garment was a little golden cross.]

Stark in a basement dreary,
Starved in the winter's cold,
An outcast, worn and weary,
Was laid in death's grim fold,
And on her shriveled finger
Shone a simple ring of gold.

And the women who prepared her
For the shroud, upon her breast
Found a little golden cross there,
Neatly sewn within her vest;
And the cross and ring together
The woman's tale confess'd.

For the one told of a mother
Who had taught her first to pray,
At the evening's solemn closing,
And the opening smile of day;
Yes, this to thoughtful spirits
These golden relics say.

And the little ring, still clasping
Her frozen finger, said,
That in the happy years agone
Her virgin heart was wed
To one who loved her dearly!
Ah, days forever fled!

And these precious golden relics
By her had been prized more
Than the life she might have cherish'd
Had she sold her darling store.
Thus love in Woman's bosom
Triumphs for evermore.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Reception of the Princess Clotilde—A lost Letter—Lost Charms—Grand Diplomatic Dinners—How to Dine—Painful Story of an unfortunate Marriage—Mrs. Mason's Ball—Hon. Mr. Preston and Family in Paris, etc., etc.

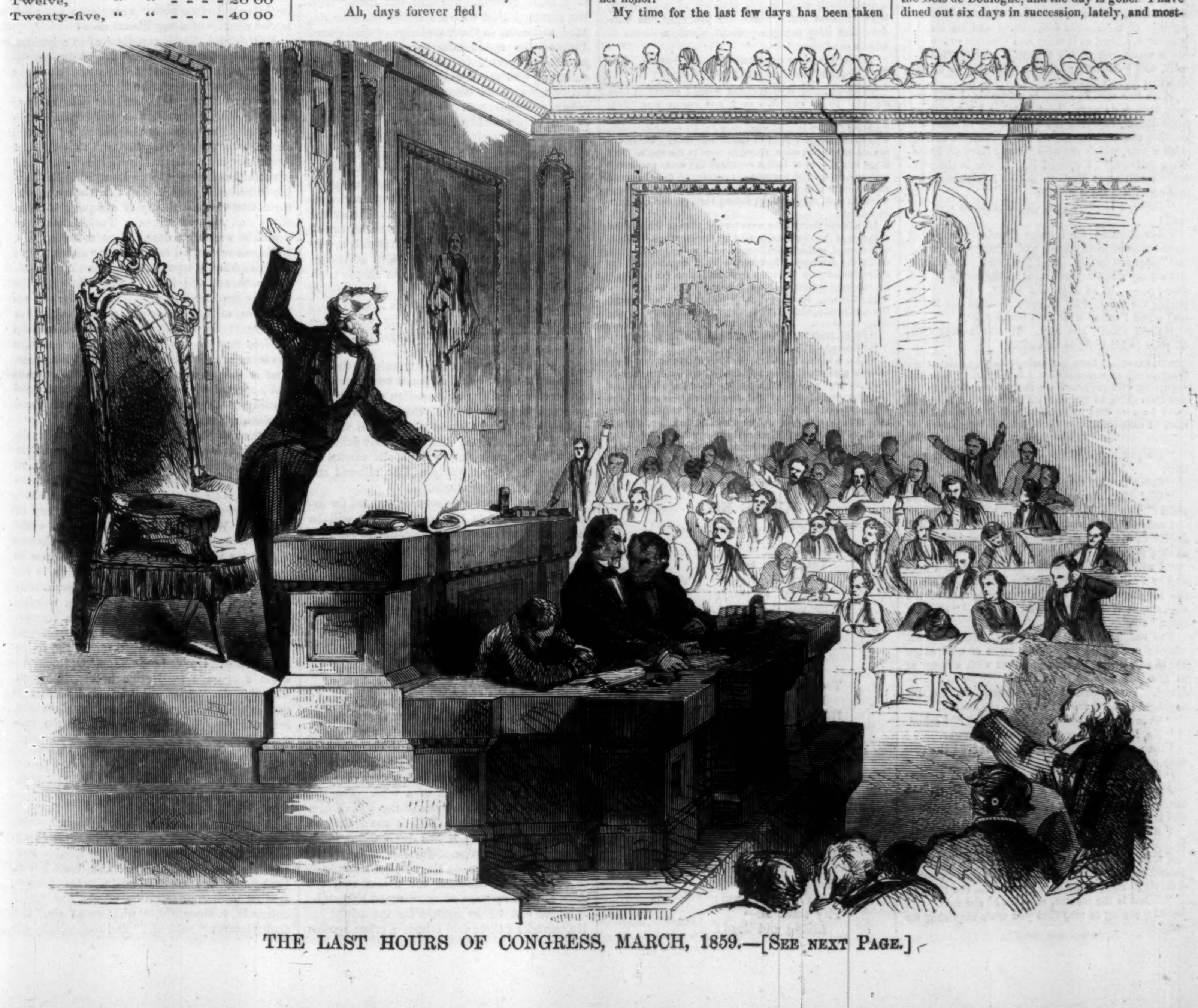
Paris, *February* 10, 1859.

My last letter was sent off to the sound of the trumpets and the roll of the drums which were called forth by the entry of Prince Napoleon and his bride; and these were the only demonstrations that greeted them, for from among the crowd assembled there was not a single acclamation of welcome or congratulation—a silence intended to mark the universal disapprobation of those warlike projects of which this Sardinian Princess is supposed to be the pledge and the *victim*. Poor little thing! She is far from pretty, and looked very sad and weary with this hasty wooing and rapid journey from Turin to Paris. There have been superb fêtes at the Tuileries to present the newly-married to the Court and diplomatic circles, and there is to be a great ball at the Hôtel de Ville next week in her honor.

My time for the last few days has been taken up in endeavors to trace and recover a letter intended for me, but with my name so imperfectly spelled that my concierge refused it. I heard of this, and knowing whence the letter came, went immediately in pursuit of it; but here there is so much form and suspicion that it is difficult to regain any missing article. The questionings I underwent about this letter at the Post-office; three different papers I signed, reclaiming it; three times I took that weary journey to the Rue J. J. Rousseau; and three days I lost in this way, until I became quite desperate, and almost inclined to take by main force a letter extremely important, and which I could *see*, but which the tiresome official would not give into my possession.

I once lost a watch-chain at the Opera. I saw it advertised, a few days after, as "having been found, and being at the Police-office." I went there, and having with much trouble discovered the proper bureau, I stated my errand, when the presiding official, without looking up from his writing, said, gruffly, "It is not your chain that has been found." This was to disconcert me in case I was claiming what was not my own; and it was only three weeks afterward that I received it, and then after going through so many forms that I almost regretted ever having heard of it. All this is fretting and vexatious, and seems a useless degree of caution; but perhaps without it the army of Government employés could not even find the excuse of any thing to occupy their office hours.

Loss of time is a serious matter at this season of the year in Paris, where only to attend to keeping up one's social position is a sufficient occupation; and then to read a little, and to breathe a little in the Bois de Boulogne, and the day is gone. I have dined out six days in succession, lately, and most-



THE LAST HOURS OF CONGRESS, MARCH, 1859.—[See next Page.]

ly grand diplomatic dinners. I own I do not like merely French dinners, and can not think they are to be compared in excellence with that admirable mixture of French and English cookery which you meet with now in the good houses in England. I hate game which has been marine (soaked in vinegar) until it has lost all taste, or dried by the fire until it is more chippy than chips. I dislike a cold-looking aspic (fish with jelly) when my stomach is expecting something comfortable; and an iced madelaine in the place of a warm pudding. Then there are often no vegetables but, perhaps, half a choky artichoke, just before the invariable dessert of sugar-plums and chestnuts glacés. No, this is not to dine according to my ideas, and Toinette well knows that I can not stand it long, and was not surprised when I said, yesterday,

"Toinette, I shall dine at home to-day. Give me a good tapioca soup, a fried sole, roast beef, and a batter pudding, at six o'clock."

And punctually served and excellent it was; and, with two or three glasses of sherry, I entered that evening upon the usual routine, feeling more like a man than I had done for some time before. And my duties were heavy last night—two visits in the Faubourg St. Germain and two balls, one at the American, another at the Würtemberg Embassy.

But, first, I have a mind to relate how my time was employed before my visits began, because to do so will serve to illustrate some of the evils of Paris society, and to enforce a favorite theory of mine, which is that marriages should only be contracted between those of the same nation, as alone furnishing that sympathy and similarity in habits, tastes, and sentiments which is the best security for domestic happiness. I shall be careful, in telling my painful story, to avert any possibility of identifying the actors in it, at the same time that the *facts* are precisely as stated. A friend of mine —rich, well-born, good-looking, and noble-hearted —fell in love, some two or three years ago, with a very beautiful young French girl, as well born, but not so rich as himself. Adele (as I shall call her) is the only daughter of a widowed mother; and my friend's proposals were received by her and all the family with a delight which quite overcame all scruples in regard to the Protestantism or foreign lineage of the intended husband. Charles * * * was already too much in love before he asked my advice for me to give it with sincerity, or with any chance of being listened to; and the marriage took place, amidst congratulations and enthusiastic comments upon all sides, and the young couple were established at Paris, and surrounded with all that luxury which wealth can nowhere so well procure. This, too, was against my advice, which had been that they should travel for a time, and then settle in England, with occasional visits to Paris. But Charles could refuse nothing to the soft entreaties of Adele not to leave "dear mamma alone," though I thought I could, even then, read in her brilliant dark eyes a still more energetic remonstrance against such an exile from Paris and its untried pleasures. And so it went on; Charles every day more enamored of his beautiful and captivating wife, and submitting but too willingly to all her caprices and exactions.

With this *mise en scène*, or preamble, I will proceed with my story. Last evening I was sitting, after dinner, enjoying the quiet of my fireside, and reading the evening paper, when Toinette entered with a note, which she said "must have an immediate answer." I opened it. It was in the well-known writing of Madame S—— (Adele's mother), and contained these words:

"Come, I implore you, this instant to speak to me!"

I was alarmed, for I knew Charles was absent upon business in England, and I feared something had happened to him. So I gave up my arm-chair, put off my slippers, and went to the house of Madame S——, in an adjoining street. I found her pacing the room, with an open letter in her hand; and when I asked what was the matter,

"Read this!" she said. It was a note from Charles to his wife, to this effect:

> "DARLING,—I have just arrived, having finished my business two days sooner than I hoped for. I hear you are dining with your mother; so send this there, to tell you I am going to the club for some dinner, but shall come back as soon as possible, and hope to find you here. I have been for one instant to see baby asleep.
>
> "Your loving CHARLES."

"Do *you* know where Adele is?" said her mother.

"Can you give no guess?"

"Oh! Monsieur, save her! save my unfortunate child!"

I reflected a moment, and felt that I had no difficulty in divining *with whom* Adele probably was at that moment.

"I will do my best to find her," I said, and hurried to a cab-stand, got into the first, and drove to the lodgings of one of the young heroes of the day, Count W——, "the best waltzer," "the best rider," etc.

The concierge said he was out, she knew not where; nor would an offered bribe of gold cause her to admit that he had gone out with a lady, or to give me any clew as to where he might be found. I was puzzled for a moment, but not discouraged; and I drove to Very's restaurant.

"Does Count W—— dine here to-day?" I asked.

"No, Monsieur," was the prompt answer.

I then asked for the garçon who served the private rooms.

"Tell me," I said, "if Count W—— is here."

Again I was met with a positive denial, though again I offered gold for the truth. It was refused; and then I said,

"All I want is that, if *he* is here, you should go to him and say there is danger."

I then returned to poor Madame S——, and fully shared her misery and anxiety. Very soon we heard a carriage stop, and Adele glided into the room.

"What is the matter, mamma?" she said. "I heard (turning to me) that you were inquiring for me."

Her mother gave her her husband's note.

"Oh! this is indeed serious!" she said. "Monsieur, you have saved me!" she added, with emotion. "And, then, I must answer this note." And she sat down and wrote:

> "CARO MIO,—I shall be at home before you are, I dare say; but if I am a few minutes after, pray do not wake up baby, as it will make him so cross. Au revoir et tout à vous.
>
> ADELE."

She tossed me the note to read, sealed it, and sent it.

"Now," she said, "I must *go back to my dinner*."

We both exclaimed against such imprudence and revolting want of feeling.

"It is but fair," she answered. "You have *both* dined; and I am very hungry, and shall get nothing elsewhere. The Champagne at Very's is frappé, and the dinner well-ordered."

"Adele," I said, "you shall not go, or I will tell all to your husband."

"Oh no, you will not. Why should you destroy his happiness, and make him blow out his own brains, and mine too? No, you are too good." And she glided by me with a smile, and we heard the carriage drive off.

There was nothing more to be said; so I took leave of Madame S——, who seemed profoundly humiliated, and came home to dress. I saw Charles and Adele at one of the balls I went to, and heard she had been at home before he was; and he looked so happy that I felt that, indignant as I might be, I could not be the one to disturb "his fool's paradise."

Mrs. Mason's ball was cheerful and pretty, and the benevolent politeness of that whole family makes it a pleasure to go to the house. I think I never saw a countenance so ennobled by kindly feeling as that of Mr. Mason. I saw there Mr. and Mrs. Preston, who are going to Madrid—both very pleasing persons. Mrs. Preston was admirably dressed, and is handsome, looking very much like the pictures of Marie Antoinette, with a much prettier mouth. Mr. Preston is interesting in conversation, and seems altogether well chosen for his mission. But I am at the end of my paper, and you will be as weary of hearing of these endless balls as I am. Au revoir!

THE CLOSING HOURS OF CONGRESS.

WE engrave on the preceding page the last hours of Congress, on the night of 3–4 March. The proceedings were characterized by no discreditable scenes such as have heretofore attended the night session at the close of Congress. A reporter thus describes the scene: "Members are constantly going to and returning from the refreshment-rooms, and some have retired to sofas to sleep. The galleries, which early in the evening were crowded, have thinned out. There are probably one hundred and fifty persons present, about a dozen of whom are ladies."

There was more excitement in the Senate. The Washington *Star* thus portrays the scene:

> "The galleries were crowded beyond excess at nine o'clock. Every available nook and corner was filled. The main aisles were crowded up to the doorways, and even the gallery lobbies were crowded by eager listeners, who failed to get a sight of the Senate floor. There appeared one entire mass, rising in tiers to the walls. The large attendance of ladies rendered the scene unusually brilliant, while the perpetual motions of the thousand and one fans sent up quite a current of the heated air toward the soft, mellow light falling through the chastened ceiling.
>
> All at once many eyes were turned toward the eastern entrance of the chamber, caused by the entrance of a tall, well-formed looking gentleman, with a decided air that spoke the stranger. Instantly a large number of Senators rushed over to him. Senator Mason grasped him by the hand; Douglas took it next; while Clay, Clingman, Seward, Hammond, and others crowded around the gentleman, some introducing new-comers and giving room to others.
>
> "That's Smith O'Brien!" said some in the galleries.
>
> "Who is he?" said others.
>
> "That is Richard Cobden, the English statesman, Manchester politician, great free-trader, and ex-member of Parliament," said a knowing one near us, with such a long list of prefixes that it at once placed him among the distinguished. Senator Mason started off and found Senator Simmons, type of an American factory boy, and introduced him to the professional prototype—Cobden—who went from the Manchester factories to Parliament, where, for nearly ten years, he led the free-trade party."

JUDGE NOT.

"The greatest of these is charity."

BRIDLE your virtue,
Tether the tongue;
Pity the fair vine
Blighted so young!
Why not the tomb?
Sad, shattered life;
Think of her doom—
Widow, yet wife!

Tears like sad rivers
Roll through all time;
He his heart-torrent
Poured for its crime.
Billows of sod
Swell o'er his rest;
Pleading with God—
There let him rest.

Still to another
Life is as death;
Home and its idol
Gone with a breath!
Blood on his hands,
Stain on his bed:
Pity them all—
Living and dead!

Thou whose life-current
Flows calm and quiet,
Whose love and whose passion
Never ran riot,
Judge not too harshly;
Few fall by design:
Pray for the erring—
Their fate may be thine!

Bridle your censure,
Tether the tongue;
Charity's blessings
Ever are young.
He knows the temptation
Who measures the sin;
May His mantled mercy
Shield all of our kin!

C. H. WEBB.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

THE HOMICIDE AT WASHINGTON.

THE public mouth is still full of stories about the lamentable affair which took place at Washington on Sunday 27th February; and the public ear, it seems, can not be satiated with details of the catastrophe. As chroniclers of public events, we devote a large portion of our space to the affair.

Assuming that Mr. Sickles was well founded in his assumption that a guilty intrigue had taken place between his wife and Mr. Key—a fact of which it appears that there can be no doubt—the public of the United States will justify him in killing the man who had dishonored his bed. There is no need of sentimental appeals to the higher feelings of humanity. It is not necessary to draw harrowing pictures of the state of mind of the dishonored husband. All this is wide of the question, or at least superfluous. The fact is, that if Mrs. Sickles was guilty, her husband held the life of her seducer in his hands.

This has been the law and the practice from the earliest periods of which we have any historical record. Under the Jews, and subsequently under the civilized nations of the ancient world, the adulterer might lawfully be put to death if he were caught in the act. In those days evidence was doubtful, and trials even more uncertain than in our time. The law assumed that where a guilty intrigue existed, and came to the knowledge of the injured husband, he would take pains to detect the parties *in flagrante delicto*. In those days concealment was more difficult than it is now. Cities were small, communities were limited, gossip was universal. The wife of a leading citizen of Jerusalem, Athens, or Rome, was known to the entire population of the city in which she lived. If she went wrong the whole city was aware of it. Her offense could not be hidden. There was no room so dark, no house so secluded, but that her incomings and outgoings were certain to be watched. Hence the publicity of the frailties of eminent ancients of both sexes; and hence, as a natural consequence, the restriction of the right of vengeance to the husband who took the simple trouble to make sure of the facts. Every lawyer who takes the trouble to compare the old rules of evidence in cases of adultery with those which obtain in the present day will at once recognize the distinction.

In modern times the prudent rule of the old law has been relaxed. It is not now necessary to detect the guilty in a situation which leaves no room for controversy. Society will accept evidence of guilt without prying into the secrets of bedchambers; and where that evidence is conclusive, according to the social canons of the day, the injured party will be allowed the benefit of the old privilege.

In a word, where a reasonable ground for assuming guilt exists, the party injured will be justified in wreaking his vengeance in his own way upon the party who has injured him. He does so at his own risk; it is murder if he be wrong. If he is right, the act is justifiable.

Nor can this rule be fairly impugned. An injured husband has but three ways of meeting the injury. He may laugh at it, or he may challenge his enemy; this is the French method. The first recourse affords but little consolation, and requires unusual philosophy; the second may superadd physical to moral injury. He may sue the adulterer for damages. This is the English plan. It involves patience, delay, exposure, disgrace. It parades the injured party to the contumely of the world. It seldom yields substantial profit; and when it does, it must be painful to use money obtained at the cost of the virtue of a wife. Finally, the injured husband may take the life of him who has injured him. This is the American system; and latterly it has been followed in many parts of Europe. Terrible as homicide is, this method must, on the whole, be admitted to be the most effectual, the wisest, and the most natural revenge of an outraged husband.

There can be no excuse for the adulterer. He commits a three-fold crime: a crime against the woman whom he misleads, a crime against the man whom he dishonors, a crime against society which he disorganizes. Each of the three calls for condign punishment. In these latter days experience proves that in all such cases society will justify the infliction of the last penalty by the husband. Whatever may have been the character of Mr. Sickles, there is not a jury in the United States or in Europe which would convict him even of manslaughter. In the face of so decided a public sentiment, is it worth while to argue further on the question?

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND HIS POLICY.

THE English journals are once more furious with the Emperor Napoleon; and, as usual, quite a number of American papers follow the example. The Englishmen call the French Emperor the usual hard names, and charge him with desiring to dismember Europe and to destroy the peace of the world to gratify his own ambition. This charge servile and ignorant journals in the United States seem only too ready to echo.

It is difficult to reconcile the abuse and the accusations of the British journals with the facts No one, be he even an English journalist, pretends that the state of Italy is satisfactory, or even safe; Naples is subject to a grinding despotism; Rome is garrisoned by French troops; the legations and the Milanese are also garrisoned by foreigners—Austrians; Tuscany is overawed by Austria; Piedmont is in a state of extremely menacing revolutionary effervescence. A country lying in the centre of the Old World, and in such a condition as this, can not, certainly, be said to be in a safe or stable situation. And it is unreasonable, to say the least, to accuse Napoleon, whose interests are eminently conservative, of desiring to feed his own ambition when he looks forward to some radical change in Italy.

Rumor has it—we have reason to believe, with good foundation—that the Emperor of the French has proposed to the Emperor of Austria to vacate simultaneously Rome and the Milanese, and to allow the Italians to make another effort to govern themselves. To this proposal the Austrians are said to have replied in the negative. Under the circumstances, can the Emperor be blamed for expressing his dissent from Austria's policy in a marked manner, and from giving every moral aid and countenance to the only Italian power which does not stink in the nostrils of every liberal man?

British prejudice is equally deaf to argument and blind to facts. Because Napoleon has organized a government that is not suitable to the English, therefore—so the English reason—he can mean nothing right, and can seek nothing honest. The least reflection would satisfy them that Italian conquest is the last thing he can desire. He might have insisted on territorial reward for his outlay in the Crimean war; and it would have been an excellent thing for Turkey if he had. But he had the wisdom to perceive that the old theory of conquest is fallacious, and that to annex a Turkish province would be winning a loss. Just so with Italy. If Napoleon wanted to conquer or annex a part of Italy, Austria would only be too happy to divide with and aid him. Clearly, however, he sees the expense and peril, and he does not see the gain, of the operation; and he will have nothing to do with it. Whatever his private motives may be, his policy is clear: he seeks the reorganization of Italy on an Italian basis. And in this, it seems, he deserves the support and approval of every lover of order and good government, and of every hater of tyranny and revolution, throughout the world.

A man of Napoleon's calibre is not to be diverted from his purpose by the brawling of British tradesmen who fear commercial panics, or by the tirades of British journalists who have only just got over the belief that wooden shoes and fried frogs were the staple institutions of France. Whatever his design is, the world may rely upon it that he foresaw the obvious difficulties in the way, that he knows how to meet them, and that he will persevere in his course. According to the law of periodicity there ought to be, about this time, a political upheaval of some kind or other in Europe. Under a *roi fainéant*, it might be a street fight in Paris, ending in an overthrow of the reigning dynasty. Under Louis Napoleon, it may become a crusade for Italian liberty, in which, whatever the British publicists and politicians may say, liberal men in England, as elsewhere, can not help but sympathize with the crusaders.

THE BUSINESS OF AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

A WRITER in the New York *Times* takes this journal to task for illustrating the more shocking events of the day, such as the Gouldy tragedy, the murder of the deaf and dumb boy in Utah, and the Sickles affair. He protests against such "prostitution of the fine arts;" demands, indignantly, "what great aim" will such pictures "hold up?" and pathetically adjures us to devote our whole paper to "scenes of beauty and joy and love."

We apprehend that our critic is under a slight misapprehension. This is a newspaper, not a nursery tract or a child's hymn-book. There are plenty of publications exclusively devoted to "scenes of beauty and joy and love;" they may be had at very moderate prices from the booksellers. They are evidently the sort of reading suited to the stomach of "J. C. H.;" and we affectionately advise him to stick to them.

For us, our purpose is to present our readers with an illustrated account of the events of the day, be they what they may. If we see nothing around us but "scenes of beauty and joy and love," then our pictures shall reflect those pleasing themes, and those only; if, on the contrary, crime, violence, and wrong continue to constitute a large share of the mass of daily events, then we shall illustrate them too. For, in the first place, we have undertaken with our subscribers to furnish them with an illustrated history of the times in which we live, and this we could not do if we chose to neglect the leading events of the day—such as the Gouldy and the Sickles tragedies. And, secondly, we hold, in opposition to our critic, that pictures of terrible scenes of bloodshed and violence are calculated to do more good than harm. We do not believe that crime is stimulated by light, and that darkness and secrecy are necessarily favorable to virtue. We can not admit that newspapers are agents of evil because they publish full accounts of terrible crimes, with or without illustrations. We have never supposed that sons would be induced to murder their fathers by the sight of the Gouldy pictures, or that the shocking spectacle of the homicide of a young and promising man like Key was likely to enlarge the circle of adulterers. On the contrary, we are quite satisfied that the tendency of such pictures is to lead the erring to pause; to warn the wayward youth of the goal to which he may be tending; to remind thoughtless women and eager men of the terrible consequences of guilty love; to drive home the lessons which the pulpit and moralists can but mildly urge. If this were such a bad world that no picture of a murderer could be exhibited without inspiring in the minds of its spectators a desire to commit murder likewise, then our critic might be right; we, for our part, have faith enough in the right instincts of mankind to think that the sight of such a picture would excite horror at the deed, and would tend to prevent its recurrence.

That this view is not confined to ourselves any candid inquirer may readily ascertain. The very pictures which have agonized the tender breast of our censor—the murder of the deaf and dumb boy at Utah—were printed at the earnest request of an officer of the United States Army whose name, we dare say, would not be withheld if desired. He wrote us:

"A most cruel murder has recently been perpetrated by the Mormon Danites. . . . The criminal law is inoperative in this territory. . . . *It has been suggested that the most vivid way of bringing these terrible outrages before the mass of the American people is through the Pictorial influence of Harper's Weekly.* I therefore inclose," etc., etc.

We are very happy to be able to add that there is reason to hope that the very publication of those two heart-rending pictures in this journal will be the means of causing the murderers to be brought to justice. A day or two after they appeared, orders, we understand, were sent from Washington to vindicate the law at any cost.

We have not time or space to notice the nonsense that is occasionally printed about the "prostitution of art," etc., etc. Pray what did the ancients paint, and shall we destroy the Laocoon? There is an old story which some of these critics should remember. When Michael Angelo had finished his Last Judgment, he exhibited it to the Pope. His Holiness was not pleased, and next day a message was received by the painter to the effect that the Pope's modesty was hurt by the want of clothing on some of the principal figures, and he wished the defect corrected.

"Tell the Pope," replied the furious painter, "to reform men and women, and my pictures will then reform themselves."

THE LOUNGER.

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

CAN any of us be surprised by the recent murder of Mr. Key in Washington? When the newspapers declare, and private testimony asserts, that no capital in the world is more rotten than ours, is it remarkable that a wife should be faithless and her husband shoot her seducer? When it is perfectly well understood among intelligent people that corruption of every kind prevails in Washington, reaching even to the bribery, or the pecuniary persuasion, of the men who make the laws, which the rest of us are punished if we do not obey, shall we turn pale and profess to be horror-stricken by a crime? If a whole system of practical politics be a conflict of jobs and jobbers, of course at the very centre of the struggle there will be no social honesty, no individual honor left.

A man who is false or corruptible in politics is false every where. There is only one kind of dishonesty in the world, as there is only one kind of darkness. A man who will tell lies in a political speech will tell lies in his business, in his family, in all his other relations of life, when the temptation is strong enough. A man who puts his conscience in his pocket in political matters will not take it out to the detriment of his private affairs. Every lie a man tells is a drop of oil upon his lips, making every subsequent falsehood slip more nimbly over. If he be elected, for instance, as the representative of the interests of all the people, and sell himself to promote measures of a merely private nature, without regard to the public advantage, or directly against it, he is as much a swindler as any common thief, and would steal spoons when opportunity served.

If politics and political society any where are corrupt, it is because the individuals are dishonest. Why should we expect a man who is not loyal to his own conscience to be faithful to his own wife or to the wife of any other man? Private infidelity and public falsehood are Siamese twins. Washington, of course, is not an exceptional city. Society is probably no worse there than in every similar town. Vice may not be peculiar to it. Certainly virtue is not. And does any American citizen, however hurt, however shocked, however ashamed he may be, pretend to be surprised by any kind of iniquity in Washington?

The wonder is not that one man has been shot there this winter, but that a dozen are not shot every winter. And the moral is, that so long as men are elected or appointed to public offices without regard to their private characters—rather in open disregard of their notorious dishonesty—just so long private decency and public order will be constantly and flagrantly outraged.

But we must take Washington as a representative city. It is, in a certain sense, an epitome of the moral condition of the country; and the worst of the late tragedy is not the individual adultery or murder; it is a secret tendency in the popular mind to justify the one crime by the other. And while that is the real public sentiment—while it is gravely held that there are cases in which the highest possible principle that can regulate human action may be properly set aside—so long Christian civilization is paralyzed, and the unbridled indulgence of the meaner passions will continue, because the unbridled indulgence of what we call the higher is justified

But if there be any such thing as character or principle—if there be any religious sentiment or truth—if there be any right and wrong at all in human relations, when, in Heaven's name, are they to come into play, except in precisely such cases as this, in extreme cases of every kind?

Of course it is true that there are exasperations, and extenuations, and anger that conquers the will and the conscience, and strikes in an almost unconscious fury. But *ought* it to do so? Ought a man to be negatively praised for losing his moral control? Do we justify an engineer for not bridging precisely the worst abyss of all? The moral sense of every man is given him for these very moments—for the trials that tear at his heart-roots. That sense may be overborne, and the man commit a crime as black as the one that exasperates him; but he is then not a man to be pitied as if he were a victim—he is to be pitied as a criminal. He may have more excuse than the seducer. But because the seduction of a woman is a crime, the willful murder of the seducer does not cease to be a crime also.

Do you say that it is idle to talk, and that men will always revenge such wrongs in blood, and the world will excuse them?

What of that? So she-tigers rend the hand that is raised against their cubs. So the Mohammedan law, like the old Jewish, demands an eye for an eye. What we say is, that no gratification of any bad passion can properly be defended among men who profess to derive their religious law from another source than Mohammed, and who hold to a society superior to that of the jungle. The Christian system of morals is either practicable to the utmost letter, or it is not. If it be practicable, what do we mean when we say that a seducer is served right by being murdered off the spot? If it be not practicable, why do we profess Christianity?

If men will always revenge such crimes in such ways then they will always be much more savage than they ought to be. For such revenge is not *manly*, it is brutal. The manliness of a man is his nobility of nature, his character, his morality; but his anger, and vanity, and hot fury are all brutal. When a man loves a woman with his whole heart and she betrays him, the woe that masters him is not of a kind to be satisfied by her blood or by that of any one else. In the degree that he is a man, he feels that there is no redress possible in the world Grief may madden him; but with what or whom is he indignant? With a woman for preferring another man, or a man for enjoying and promoting that preference?

Suppose the woman to be his wife. It makes the grief more bitter, but it does not change its nature. Would any man assert a right in any woman which any other man could outrage, except what her love gave him? Wedlock is love and law. He has undoubtedly a legal relation to her as her husband, and if his legal rights are infringed he has a legal remedy. But the substance and soul of their relation is love, and when that is gone on either side, from whatever cause, the survivor may be heart-broken and ruined, but to what purpose or with whom shall he be angry?

In fact, it is hardly a question that the feeling which prompts revenge at such a time is simply rage at the scandal which the husband foresees in the world; and this was eminently the case in the present instance. This is the "dishonor" which is talked about. For of course it is not dishonorable in a man that his wife is false, however terrible it may be.

It is really, therefore, the impulse of his own selfishness, and not the overmastery of his love for his wife, which leads a husband to murder her seducer. It is as far from a genuine manly instinct as any other angry action. If a man swear, with set teeth, that he will shoot any man who tampers with his conjugal honor—who believes any the more that he is a loving, loyal husband? There is not an unfaithful husband in the world who would not, probably, say and do precisely the same thing; so that he who loved and respected his wife least would be most likely to do it, by way of keeping his "honor" bright—his "honor" requiring him to kill another man for doing what he does not hesitate to do himself.

Of course there are degrees of the same crime; and the murder of Mr. Key is not to be classed with that of old Mr. White in Salem, thirty years ago, who was coolly killed in his bed for money. Nor is it to be held that the murderers in each case should share the same fate. It is the moral, not the legal, aspect of the matter with which we are concerned. Let the law have its course—but let us not forget that crimes are still crimes, however sharp the provocation.

And while we remember that we may have charity without sentimental sophistication, charity over the fresh grave, over the prison-cell, and, above all, over the real victim of the tragedy, "Lift her up tenderly" in your thoughts, all gentle souls! The extenuations that you plead for the murderer are themselves eloquent for her—so young, so flattered, so dizzy with a wild life; a wayward girl fascinated to her ruin. If you hasten to pardon crime to him who sins through hate—will you deny forgiveness to her who falls through love? Tenderly, tenderly, pious souls!

> "Owning her weakness,
> Her evil behavior;
> But leaving with meekness
> Her sins to her Saviour."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—THE Lounger is obliged to confess, and he does so with the more willingness because it is a woman who corrects him, that his *dictum* in regard to the subject of the following letter was hasty. Yet still Professor Fowler indicates a frequent *good use* of "either" for one of many; and it was mainly upon that use, which still seems to him both frequent and good, that the Lounger relied in his reply. In regard to the last sentence—that from the Book of Kings—H. C. fairly "has" the Lounger.

"MISSOURI, *January*, 1859.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—In the *Harper's Weekly* issued January 8, 1859, in your reply to L., Fayetteville, Lincoln County, Tennessee, who wishes to know if it is grammatical to head a list of publications with '———' (publisher's name) 'will send *either* of the following works,' etc., you say that the publisher is quite correct in his use of the word. *Your* opinion differs from that of some very respectable grammarians.

"'*Either* relates to two persons or things taken separately, and signifies the one or the other. To say "Either of the *three*" is therefore improper'—MURRAY'S GRAMMAR, page 66, *Distributive Pronouns.*

"'*Either* relates to two persons or things taken separately, and signifies the one or the other. "Either of the three" is an improper expression, it should be "*any* of the three."'—KIRKHAM'S GRAMMAR, page 106, *Distributive Pronouns.*

"'*Either* relates to two persons or things only, taken separately, and signifies the one or the other. Hence, to say "Either of the three" is incorrect.'—SMITH'S GRAMMAR, *Distributive Pronouns*, paragraph 366.

"'*Either* refers to *two* objects taken separately.'—COVELL'S DIGEST OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR *Pronouns*, page 45.

"'The pronominal adjectives *either* and *neither* relate to *two* things *only;* when more are referred to, *any* and *none* should be used instead of them as, "Any of the three," *not*, "*Either* of the three."'—BROWN'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR, page 133, Rule 4, Note 14.

"'*Either* means one of *two*, but not *both*.'—BULLION'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR, *Distributive Pronouns*, paragraph 299.

"'*Either* and *neither* can not *properly* be applied to more than *two* objects. "Either of the three" should be "Any of the three."'—BUTLER'S GRAMMAR, Rule 2, Rem. 15, page 129.

"In 'Fowler's English Grammar,' an excellent work published by Harper & Brothers, I find, '*Either* has *sometimes* the meaning of *one* or *another* of *any* number, as, "You may take either of these ten books." This use of the word *either* is *not to be encouraged.* Instead of either, the phrase *any one* or the word *any* should be employed.'—Page 541.

"This last is the only authority for the use of the word *either* in reference to more than two objects that I can find; and Professor Fowler says that this use of it *is not to be encouraged.* Now, Mr. Lounger, will you please give me *other* authority for the use of *either* in the latter sense; or direct the attention of the readers of the *Weekly* to the subject, that those interested may furnish me—a constant reader of your valuable paper—with the desired information You say that, in the same way, either may refer to any one of several clauses, as in the First Book of Kings, chap. xviii.. 'Either he is talking, or he is pursuing,' etc. In this sentence is not *either* a conjunction, instead of a pronoun, and used in an entirely *different* connection?

H. C."

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

IT was promised that the "Hints" published last week would be followed by others.

Examine pits of ruta baga turnips. If there are signs of decay, the good should be separated from the bad, and the worst, fit for animals, fed immediately. Store the others where they will be free from frost. Many farmers lost their pitted ruta bagas last year. The winter was very mild, and an excess of covering without ventilation caused them to heat and rot. When feeding ruta bagas do not forget such oxen as have to take an active part in the spring's work. Care for those poor fellows, and don't have them lying down before the plow and harrow.

Hay stacked in the fields should be drawn home in dry and calm weather.

In bad weather, for out-door work, have harness cleaned and repaired. Examine old collars and get them ready for use. Working animals will perform their labor with much greater ease with well-fitting collars. Horses with galled shoulders are restless, fretted, and can not pull well. Before the plow they shrink from steady draught, and an ill-shapen, badly-made furrow is the consequence.

Top-dress grass and clover land with manuring sand, old headlands, plaster of Paris, wood ashes mixed with two or three times their bulk of damp soil to prevent the lighter portions from being blown away, muck prepared with the *salt and lime mixture*, etc.

Use the lifting subsoil plow on *hide-bound* land; if moss-grown, harrow freely, and cast seed on bare places.

We have seen excellent results from running the subsoil lifter through winter and spring grain before seeding down. It mellows the soil for grass and clover seeds.

Sow clover on rank land for soiling. In hot weather it will be excellent for working animals, and it prevents the necessity of giving them large quantities of water. Feed it to them in the stables, and your horses and oxen will not have to be looked for all over a field. There are many farmers who have no small grass-lot within a convenient distance of the dwelling-house, and not provided with soiling to be fed in cool stables, have to go a long distance to find pasture for working animals at noon-time; they have to be caught, sometimes no easy job, before the men resume work. While in the pasture-field they seek a shady place rather than feed, and are fretted, irritated, and made feverish by the attacks of insects. England, Ireland, and Scotland prove the value of clover grown specially for soiling. There is no country in the world where the clover plant grows better than America. The crop as ordinarily grown to be saved for winter fodder is not what is wanted for soiling, and, therefore, the cutting of clover from a common lot, with but few exceptions, does not answer the best purpose because it is not rank and juicy enough, and you have not a succession of crops the same season, as would be true of a piece of very rich land heavily top-dressed or treated with liquid manure after each cutting. Vetches and oats are good for soiling, and in some cases Indian corn, rye, Italian rye-grass, Lucerne, etc.

Brush land should be cleaned for oats. The ashes from the burning of it will be good manure. Plow for oats as soon as possible, especially side-hills having a southern exposure. Sow none but the best seed. If in handling it feels more like chaff or mill-seeds than good, heavy, plump grain, and that you are compelled to sow it for want of better, give it a run through the fanning-mill, to take out seeds of weeds and the lightest of it, which may be fed to poultry. The soil may be the best, and in the finest condition, but it can not grow a healthy plant unless the life-giving power be in the seed. Sow, if possible, in calm weather; and if the land be in seven-pace ridges, cast the seed with both hands, after the Scotch system. Double the quantity of work may thus be done, and we have always found—by any sower who understood his business—in a better manner.

Hot-beds should be well cared. See that they are properly ventilated, but beware of cold draughts and biting frosts. In fine weather give the plants air freely. Our article, week before last, on this subject, telling the way to make and care them, may probably be referred to with advantage. Do not forget that tomatoes and egg-plants require much heat, and the former good ventilation.

Cold frame plants in good health and vigor should not be forgotten; having survived the winter, and being so early, they are of great value.

Work in the kitchen garden must of course depend on the weather. On a fine spring's day we often think of what Buist said: "Gardeners should never sleep while the sun is up."

Sow spinach as soon as possible; it is an excellent vegetable for early use. A little bed of spring rape, sown thickly, to be used as *greens*, will be valuable for working men, and may be used up to the time of early cabbages.

Plant peas in rows nine inches apart, and leave a space of two feet, or a little more, between every three rows. According to this plan two rows of stakes will do for every three rows of peas. Use the T-shaped marker, with teeth at proper distances apart, to open drills for them.

Start Lima beans in inverted sods within doors, to be put out in mild weather. The young plants are tender and will not bear much cold.

Sow early turnip, rooted and long blood beets, onion pips, onion-seed to grow pips for next year, lettuce and radish-seed, and early horn carrots,

Do not plant potatoes, even for early use, except very few, until the weather shall have unmistakably lost all wintry aspect.

Parsneps left in the ground during winter should be taken out before they begin to grow.

As soon as the ground is in good condition plant roots preserved through the winter intended for seed. Sprouts are apt to be broken off in the handling, thus exhausting the seed-producing power of the roots; they should therefore be planted before they sprout much.

Examine all seeds on hand as to quality and quantity; select very carefully to avoid loss of soil, loss of time, cost of bad seed, labor, and disappointment. Fork in manure spread on asparagus beds in the fall. Do not wound the plants. Top-dress with salt to fertilize them and keep down weeds. A rich soil will be conducive to its highest flavor. Water occasionally, and apply liquid manures in the absence of rains.

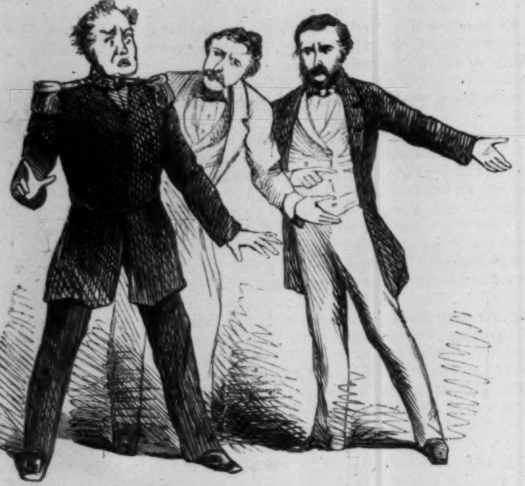
Clean strawberry-beds, fork the ground, and replace the mulch, especially beneath choice vines.

Manure quince-trees; a top-dressing of the salt and lime mixture will be conducive to the quality and quantity of the fruit.

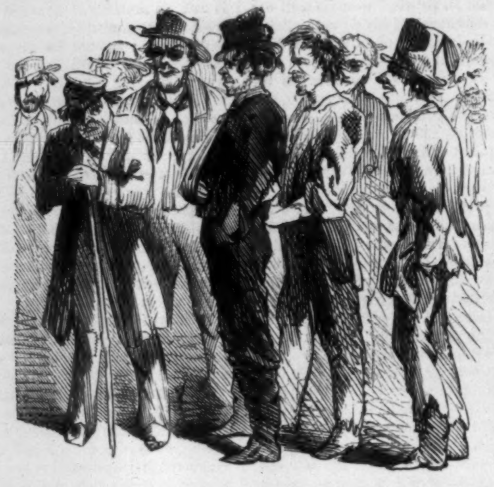
Loosen the ground about grape-vines. Plant grape-cuttings at an angle of 45° or thereabouts, leaving two eyes out, in rows eighteen inches apart, and six inches apart in the rows. Cuttings made in the fall, from the middle of October to the last week in November, are better than those cut in the spring, the latter having been dried by the sun and winds of winter, and are, therefore, not in condition to strike root as readily as those kept plump in damp sand, free from frost, in a cellar.

Yᴱ STORY OF Yᴱ NAVY YARD Wᴴ IS AT BROOKLYN.

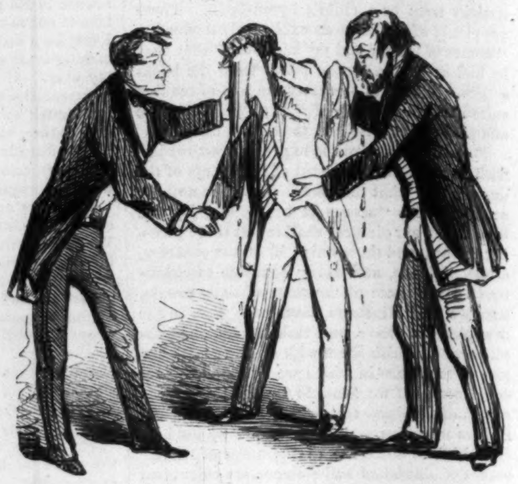
LABORIOUSLY AND FAITHFULLY COMPILED FROM Yᴱ RECORDS OF Yᴱ INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE, 1859.



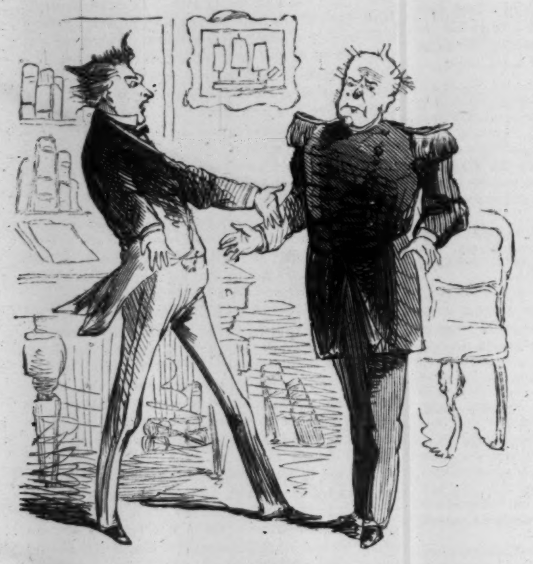
Yᵉ members of Congress from yᵉ city of New York demand that the Commodore at yᵉ Navy Yard shall instantly give employment to their "friends."



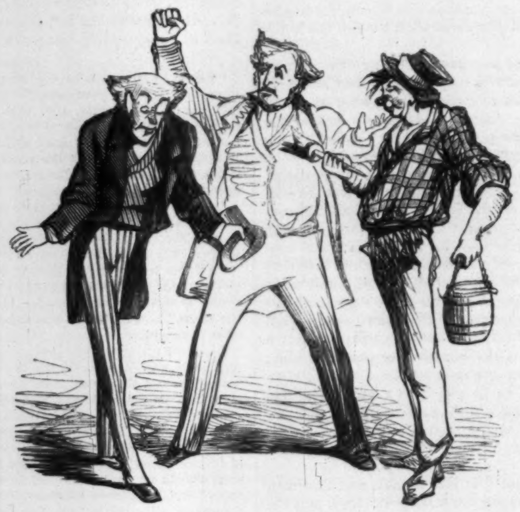
Said friends being part thieves, part knaves, part fools, all drunken, all ignorant of yᵉ duties required of workmen at yᵉ Navy Yard, but all capable of voting many times on election day, of driving peaceable citizens from the polls, and of bullying primary conventions.



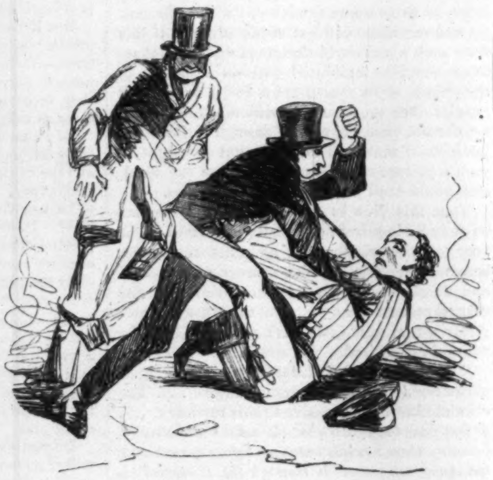
Yᵉ Commodore declaring that under the circumstances he can not give employment to yᵉ drunken, thievish, and rowdy "friends," yᵉ members for yᵉ city rush in wrath and tears to yᵉ Sec. of yᵉ Navy, and weep bitterly at yᵉ neglect with wʰ their friends are treated, cursing yᵉ Commodore up yᵉ hill and down yᵉ dale.



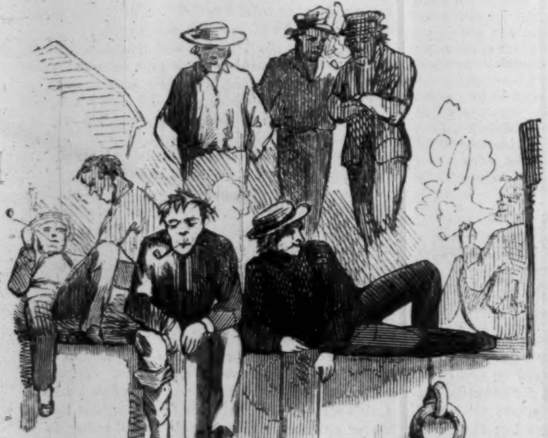
Yᵉ Sec. of yᵉ Navy sends for yᵉ stiff-necked Commodore and asks him, in sore distress and wrath, If this sort of thing lasts, what on earth he expects will become of yᵉ DEMOCRATIC PARTY?



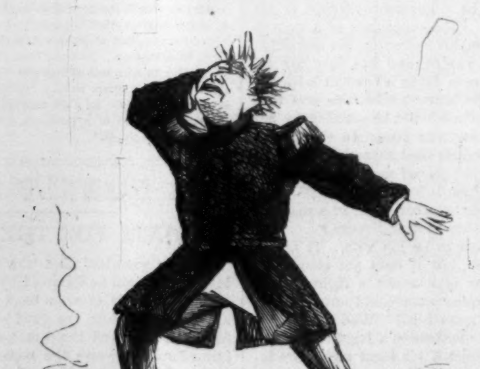
Yᵉ Commodore being thus brought to reason, a member of Congress presents a "friend" to yᵉ master painter, and requires that he be employed—otherwise he will "prefer charges." Yᵉ master painter employs yᵉ friend directly.



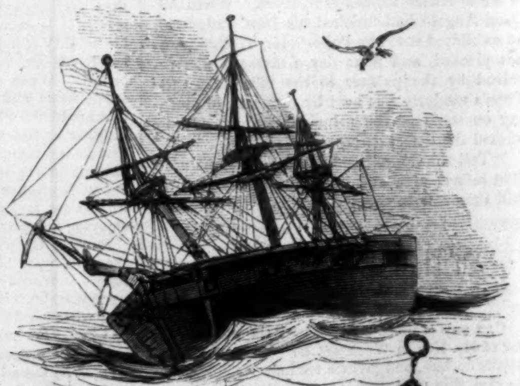
Yᵉ workmen at yᵉ Navy Yard wʰ is in Brooklyn, get up a "voluntary subscription" to purchase a watch and chain for their "friend," yᵉ member of Congress, Mr. ——, in recognition of his patriotic services. Yᵉ method employed with yᵉ stiff-necked workmen.



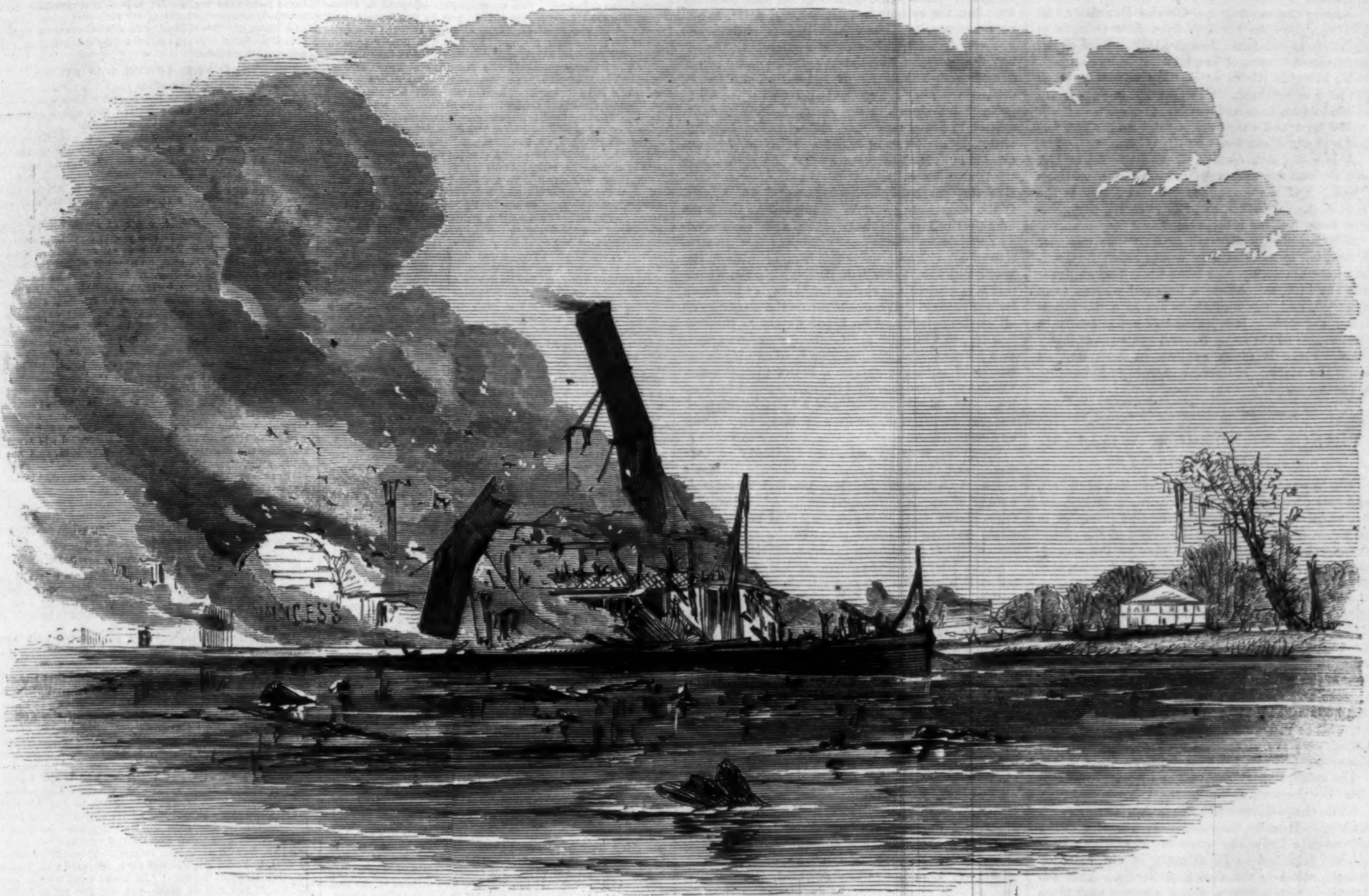
Orders are received at yᵉ Navy Yard to fit out nine ships for sea, and yᵉ workmen have very hard work indeed. Yᵉ "friends" laboring "with a will."



Yᵉ Commodore, in despair, abandons yᵉ attempt to have work done, and throws himself on his country.



MORAL.—Yᵉ national vessel *Arctic* is fitted out to catch yᵉ British cruisers, takes eighteen days to sail to Cuba, breaks down twelve times on yᵉ way, and is finally towed into port by a friendly British craft.

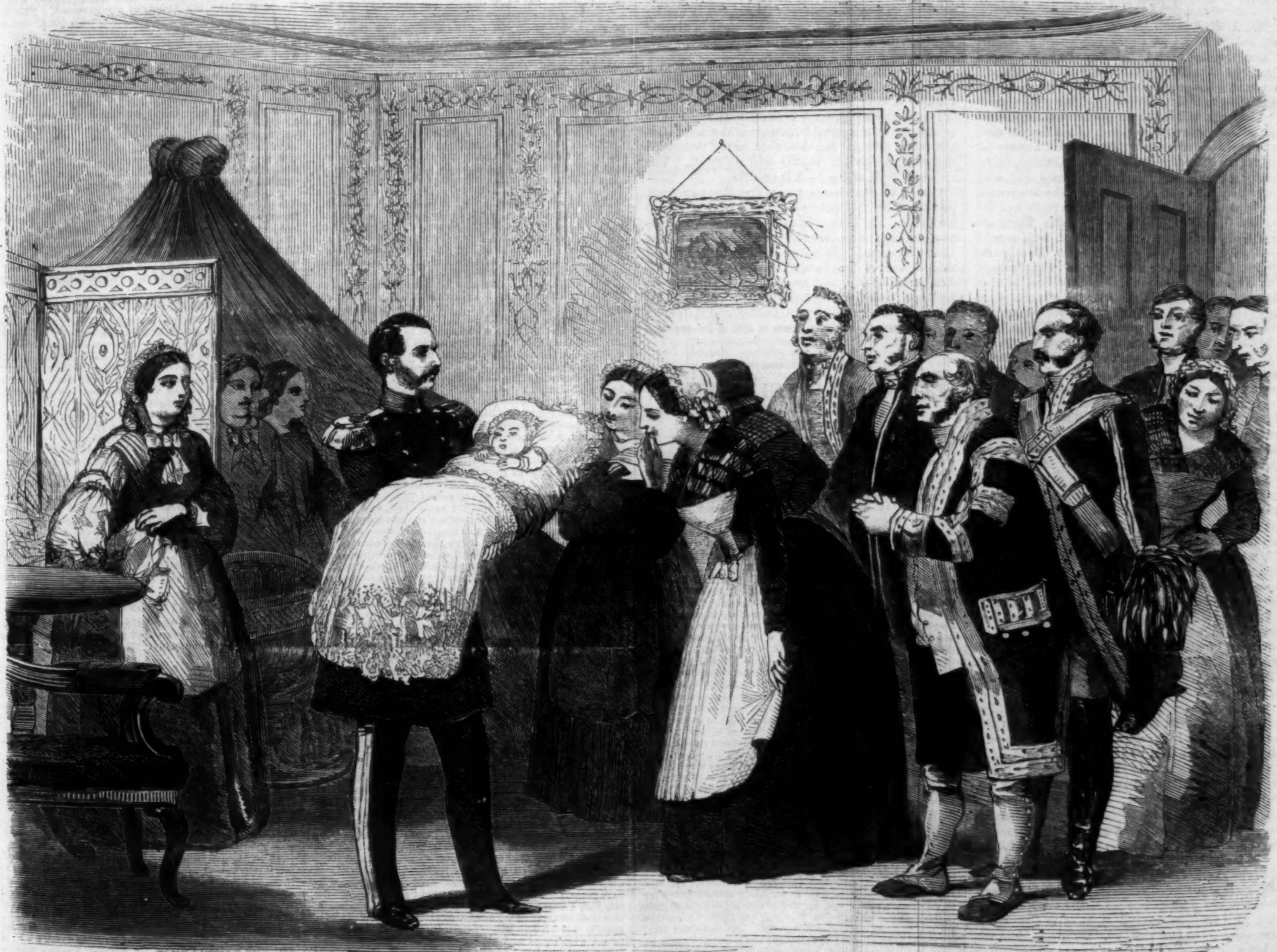


THE EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER "PRINCESS" AT CONRAD'S POINT, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

EXPLOSION OF THE "PRINCESS."

We give herewith an illustration of the fearful catastrophe which took place at Conrad's Point, on the Mississippi, on Sunday, 27th ult. The steamboat *Princess*, from Vicksburg to New Orleans, exploded her boiler at an early hour on Sunday morning, and burned to the water's edge. Four hundred passengers were on board at the time, two hundred of whom are lost and missing, mostly residents of Louisiana and Mississippi. A large number of those on board were ladies

Those known to be killed are, J. W. Seymour, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Mr. Calhoun, of Maysville, Kentucky; the pilot and assistant engineer of the *Princess;* H. B. Murphy, of St. Louis; J.



PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, OF PRUSSIA, PRESENTING HIS BABY TO HIS HOUSEHOLD.—[See next Page.]

Hodges, of Mississippi; and three whose names are unknown.

Among the missing are Charles Bannister and L. Howard, representatives from New Orleans to the State Legislature; Joseph Clark, second clerk; and Samuel Warts, of Virginia.

No other Northern or Eastern names have as yet been ascertained. A large number were badly scalded and otherwise injured.

The boat and cargo are a total loss. The former was one of the finest on the river.

A late dispatch from New Orleans says: "A boat arrived from the wreck of the *Princess* brings a number of the wounded. It was foggy at the time of the explosion, and the *Princess*, being behind time, had too much steam on."

A Baton Rougé dispatch says: "The engineer is reported to have said he would reach New Orleans certain on time or blow up. The engineer was cut in two. About a hundred persons were wounded, and many of them are in a dangerous and dying state. It is impossible yet to ascertain the number of the lost. Several boats saved many lives. There is much excitement here, and all along the river. Numerous unrecognized bodies are being found."

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM AND HIS BABY.

We have already chronicled the birth of the son and heir of Prince Frederick William of Prussia. As, under the circumstances, the little stranger is an object of more than usual interest to the public even in the United States, we give on the preceding page an illustration of a scene which took place the day after his birth.

At eleven o'clock in the morning of the day following the accouchement of the Princess, we are told that the father summoned all the members of his household into the nursery and presented the infant to them. The baby was asleep, but the delight of the attendants, which could not be repressed, soon awakened him. We have already stated that he is said by his grandfather to be "as lusty a recruit as you would wish to see."

Courtiers are already at work proving that the Prince must have a brilliant destiny.

The celebrated astronomer and natural philosopher, Dr. August, writes to the *Vossische Zeitung*: "While the jubilant voice of thanksgiving was ascending to Heaven, the constellation known to the astronomers under the name of 'Frederick's honor,' and baptized so in memory of old Fritz of Prussia, stood in the zenith of Berlin. This extraordinary coincidence of the heavens took place at the exact moment of the birth of the young Prince. Half an hour later, another constellation, the 'Stars in Crown and Sword,' culminated too over Berlin." Now, if horoscope-taking be worth a groat, this infant must at least be destined to become an Alexander."

LITERARY.

Mr. J. M. Enzing Miller, an artist of fine talent, has produced an engraving which is worthy of special notice even in this day of fine art works. Mr. Miller has designed and executed it himself, and as an illustration of a high order of art, as well with the pencil as the graver, it may be considered unsurpassed in recent productions. The design of the engraving, which is of the largest size, is to represent the great facts in the history of America. The composition is remarkable, introducing an immense number of figures, but with great judgment and good effect. The foreground is occupied by the Norsemen on the right and Columbus and his followers on the left. These are boldly drawn, in fine position, and with careful study of costume and countenance. The figures are large, larger than are often seen in engravings. The Norsemen, especially, are introduced admirably, and this portion of the engraving is one of the finest specimens of work we have ever seen. Beyond them are the Pilgrims of New England and other emigrants, and the third portion of the design embraces the scenes of the Revolution, battle and death on one hand, and, on the other side, the great people assembled in mass under the flag of the country. A symbolical representation of the Union, with portraits of the Presidents, forms the crowning idea of the composition. Notwithstanding our ordinary dislike of elaborate compositions, we can not find fault with this of Mr Miller's. It is a most artistic and interesting engraving, which we are persuaded that lovers of fine work with the graver will enjoy. It is curious in being entirely done in line: we can not find any stipple work on this immense sheet. Unlike other fine works of art, which may be enjoyed for their beauty and then forgotten, this is a study for hours and, if hung on the wall, will be a subject of new discoveries of beauty and historical interest for years.

It is a great pleasure to announce the publication of such works as Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, of which we have received the first volume from Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia. The fuller title of the book is "A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors, living and deceased; containing thirty thousand Biographies and Literary Notices, with forty Indexes of Subjects, by S. Austin Allibone." This title promises much; and, after a very careful examination of the volume before us, we are bound to say that the book, thus far, comes up to the promise. Emphatically no man can do without it who wishes to have at hand a great source of literary information, and a constant and safe reference for books, authors, and subjects.

The industry which Mr. Allibone has displayed deserves the hearty thanks of the American and English literary world, and will receive it. Every man who has written and published a sermon, or a tract, or a song, in English, between two covers, is here catalogued and indexed. We have tried the volume by our own library, and find nothing which has escaped the diligent research of the author. Errors and omissions there may be, and probably are; but the volume is a curiosity of patience and perseverence, and one which library shelves can not afford to do without. We suggest to the editor that some of his sketches of biography are of greater length than the general design of his work demands. They are readable portions of the book, indeed; but does any one expect to find readable matter in these volumes? and will they be read, except by critics to be criticised? An obvious exception is in such accounts as that of Byron, where the personal recollections of Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Everett form deeply interesting pages which justify the lengthening of the account, but we think the first portions might have been well condensed. The article on Hume is, we think, a fair illustration of our remark. But this is no blemish on the book, and the reader will perceive that our complaint is against the author for giving us too much for our money. We would direct the attention of all book readers and book purchasers to this dictionary, to which we shall hereafter refer as occasion serves. The general plan is to catalogue the names of authors; append a list of his published works, with the year of publication; and in most instances, where possible, add a brief estimate of the man's ability, either from contemporary critics or by the editor.

Terence, literally translated by Henry Thomas Riley, and the same comedies in George Colman's blank verse translation, form the last issued volume of Harper's "Classical Library." Here, for seventy-five cents, any one may read in good English, and for the same price, in the same book, may read in better English—if blank verse be better—the comedies of the Carthagenian slave, which are well worth reading; and if the scholar, who prefers the original, desires a material aid to his studies, he will do well not to disdain Mr. Riley's admirable renderings.

What a brief and emphatic title for a book is this? "Now," by Newman Hall, published by Carter & Brothers. The man who puts such a title-page to a little book can not fail to write with force.

The Laird of Norlaw, a Scottish Story, by the author of "Margaret Maitland," would be a popular novel for the author's sake. It is a readable book in appearance; for, on turning the pages, we find it well broken up into paragraphs and short sentences, which every novel reader knows to be a great recommendation of a work of light reading. But this is no ordinary story, nor is it one of the ordinary good novels of the same author. The scenes are more powerfully outlined, and the men and women more distinctly drawn, even than in "Margaret Maitland" itself. Here, for example, is the scene, which could never have occurred out of England, of the sheriff's officer, commanded to arrest the body of the old Laird of Norlaw, finding him dead and in the hearse on the way to burial, and actually seizing the dead body and stopping the funeral. The grief of the women, the bold indignation of the sons of the dead man, and the resulting effect, form a fine picture for such a hand to color. The pathos of many scenes, too, is worthy of any writer; so that we are confident in placing the book down as among the first novels of the day. (Harper & Brothers, publishers.)

European Life, Legend, and Landscape, by an Artist, is a very pleasant book, from James Challen & Son, Philadelphia; which, although it is travel over old ground, is nevertheless sufficiently sketchy to be agreeable, and gives so much pleasant travel talk and anecdote that we feel persuaded the most betraveled reader will enjoy it. The external style of the book is artistic.

Luther W. Peck's new poem, The Golden Age, published by E. Goodenough, in this city, lies on our table. Mr. Peck celebrates the praises of temperance in a story around which he throws the charm of verse. He writes with enthusiasm, and this is one of the necessities of the poet. He thinks gracefully, and graceful thought is by no means a common accomplishment. Some of his imaginations are of the purest order, and the purity which characterizes the poem is one of its greatest ornaments.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 28th February, in the Senate, after another refusal to take up the Homestead Bill, Committees of Conference were appointed to meet similar Committees from the House relative to the disagreements on the amendments to the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, and the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bills. Mr. Houston made his farewell address to the Senate, in which he reviewed and vindicated his course in Congress. The Post-office Appropriation Bill, which calls for an aggregate of upward of $19,000,000, was then taken up and discussed for several hours. An amendment was adopted, which provides that in no event shall the liabilities be allowed to exceed the appropriations for the current fiscal year. Several other important amendments were adopted, but the final vote was not taken.——In the House, a colloquy of a personal nature took place between Messrs. Reagan and Bryan, of Texas, which created considerable excitement. The Naval Appropriation Bill was passed, the amendments reducing the Navy-yard appropriations from $1,192,000 to $130,000, and reducing the appropriation for repairs, armament, etc., from $3,100,000 to $1,900,000, having been concurred in. Mr Phelps asked leave to report a bill to revise the Treasury-note Act, but the House refused to suspend the rules. He then moved to go into committee on the General Appropriation Bill, which was agreed to. A motion to strike out the Coast Survey appropriation was unsuccessful. The report of the committee appointed to investigate the accounts of the late Superintendent of Public Printing was received. It censures Mr. Seaman for improper and illegal conduct.

On Tuesday, 1st March, in the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Douglas for another six years' term were presented. The Post-office Appropriation Bill was taken up in Committee, and a clause was appended similar to that on the Post-routes Bill, raising the rate of postage to five cents, and abolishing the franking privilege. It was agreed that the Post-office advertising should hereafter be done only in the two papers of the largest circulation in each State, and two in Washington City. A motion by Mr. Wilson, that Mr. Butterfield, the Overland Mail contractor, be allowed to carry the mails by any route he may choose, provoked a long debate, in the course of which it came out that the letters by that conveyance cost each from thirty-five to sixty dollars. The amendment was rejected. The amendments adopted in Committee were subsequently acted upon by the Senate, and most of them agreed to. One of them reduces the contract of Butterfield & Co. The Bill was finally passed, 29 to 22. The Naval Appropriation Bill was taken up at 10 o'clock at night.——In the House, the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was finally passed, after action on the Senate's amendments. The Ocean Mail Appropriation Bill, after debate in Committee of the Whole, was tabled by the House, by 11 majority. The Senate's amendments to the Army Bill were acted upon in Committee.

On Wednesday, 2d, in the Senate, the bill to carry into effect the treaty with China was passed. A great number of memorials were laid on the table, the reason being that there was no time to act upon them. The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was then taken up. It appropriates an aggregate of about $2,300,000. Mr. Hunter, from the Finance Committee, moved an amendment authorizing the President to issue Treasury notes for twenty millions, at not over six per cent. interest, which was adopted, 24 to 10. There was no final vote.——In the House the rules were suspended, and the Senate resolution authorizing the President to confer on Commander Stewart the commission of Senior Flag Officer in the Navy, on the active list, was passed. The Senate's amendments to the Army Bill were acted upon. The Senate bill appropriating $55,000 for deepening the channel of the St. Clair Flats was passed by 55 majority. The Ocean Mail Steamer Bill was again rejected by a decided vote. The President was requested to communicate any correspondence with Switzerland relative to that clause in the late treaty with that country which discriminates against Jewish citizens of this country who may visit or sojourn in Switzerland. A great deal of confusion was now occasioned by struggles for the floor and contradictory motions; but finally the Senate's amendments to the Naval Bill were taken up in Committee. An interesting debate arose relative to the legality of chartering the vessels for the Paraguay Expedition ensued, in which the conduct of the Secretary for the Navy was censured; but finally the appropriation for the Expedition was agreed to, and the House soon after adjourned. The Senate Post-route Bill was allowed to lie on the Speaker's table.

On Thursday, 3d, in the Senate, the House bill providing for the expenses of the Sherman Investigating Committee, was passed. The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and its provisions were discussed at great length. An additional appropriation of $250,000 to increase the mail facilities with the Pacific coast, by way of Panama and Tehuantepec, was authorized. An appropriation of $120,000 for four years was authorized in aid of a line of steamers to ports in the Gulf of Mexico. An appropriation of $500,000 to complete the Treasury building was adopted. After some further discussion, and amendments proposed and lost, the bill passed by 35 to 20. A Message was received from the President, appealing to Congress to preserve the credit of the country. "This," he says, "is the last day of Congress, and there is no appropriation yet to pay the outstanding treasury-notes." He continues, "From the information submitted by the Secretary of the Treasury it is manifest that the present receipts will scarcely meet the ordinary expenses of the government. By the end of the fiscal year nearly eighteen millions will be due, with a considerable amount of paid for duties at the various ports, and no means to meet them. Thus the American people will be dishonored before the world. It is impossible to avoid this catastrophe unless provision be made against it within the few remaining hours of the present Congress. If this was the first instead of the last session of Congress, it might be called together again. But if it reassembled to-morrow thirteen States will not be represented, and it will be impossible to reassemble all before the Treasury must stop payment. The urgency of the case not only requires, but demands, a separate bill to save the credit of the country.

"James Buchanan."

The Conference Committee on the Post-office Appropriation reported that the House could not tolerate the origination of a revenue bill—which the increase of postage amounts to—by the Senate. The Senate adhered. The New York Senators brought up the bill for the removal of the New York Indians, but gave way to a bill to carry out the treaty with the Sioux. An appropriation of $364,000 was carried for the transport of the mails across the Isthmus. An appropriation of $200,000 was adopted for a semi-weekly line of steamers from Charleston to Havana. An appropriation of $350,000 was adopted for light-houses. The bill to remove the Quarantine buildings from New York was carried. A new postage bill was introduced from the House and read once: on motion of Senator Stuart, another Conference Committee was appointed. After a short executive session and a brief recess, several private bills were passed. The thanks of the Senate were tendered to the Vice-President. A message was received from the House stating that that body had concurred in some of the Senate's amendments to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, and non-concurred in others: Senator Hunter moved with much earnestness that, as the only chance of passing the bill, the Senate recede from their amendments which were not concurred in by the House. This led to a long and angry discussion, as it involved the sacrifice of the Post-office Appropriation Bill. Senator Broderick declared that he would insist on having the amendments read; this would have consumed the whole time of the Senate till the adjournment; after a long struggle, Senator Broderick gave way. Various attempts were made to get over the difficulty between the House and the Senate in reference to the Post-office Bill; but the House would not admit that the Senate had a right to originate such a bill, and the Senate would not admit that it had done wrong; the hour of adjournment, noon on 4th, arrived, and the Post-office Bill was lost.——In the House, the Searing Investigating Committee's report was called up by the Chairman and adopted. The House thus decides that the evidence does not warrant a conviction, nor subject Mr. Searing to expulsion. The Senate's amendments to the Post-office Appropriation Bill were taken from the table, and, after some debate, a resolution offered by Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, directing the bill, with its amendments, to be returned to the Senate, as the proposed increase of the postage gave it the nature of a revenue bill, which can only originate in the House, was adopted—117 to 76. The Post-route Bill, as passed by the Senate, having a similar provision relative to postage, and another abolishing the franking privilege, was then dropped, and a new bill, introduced by Mr. English, was passed. The Senate bill, to carry into effect the treaty with China, was passed. A resolution of thanks to Mr. Speaker Orr was proposed and carried by 120 to 32. Much desultory discussion ensued on the Treasury Note question, and various motions to suspend the rules in order to introduce new bills were lost. The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and various of the Senate's amendments concurred in. A message was received from the Senate relative to the Post-office Appropriation Bill, and another Conference Committee appointed. A new Post-office Bill was passed precisely as the bill came from the Senate; but it was too late. The hour of adjournment arrived and the House adjourned, having sat 25 hours.

SPEAKER ORR'S CLOSING ADDRESS.

Noon arrived before the completion of the last roll call, when the Speaker said:

"Gentlemen,—The hour has arrived for us to sever the political and personal relations which have existed between us for the last two years. I congratulate you on the consummation of most of the necessary measures of legislation to carry on the government without embarrassment. I embrace this, the last occasion I shall have, to return my grateful acknowledgment for the uniform courtesy and kindness you have extended to me as your presiding officer. Difficult and trying as has been the position, its labors have been greatly diminished by the cordial support you have given me. The dignity and decorum which have marked your deliberations will compare most favorably with those of your predecessors. To this fact I attribute whatever success I have obtained in this chair in making my administration acceptable to you, and for this I thank you. I have throughout endeavored to act with equal and exact justice to every individual, party, and section. If the chair has been in error, and I have failed in my duty to any one of you, I now beg your pardon. Wishing, gentlemen, that our deliberations here may realize for this noble republic the most prosperous development of its rich and great resources, and invoking the blessings of a kind Heaven upon you, I now perform my last official act by declaring this House adjourned *sine die*."

HOW PICCOLOMINI WAS KISSED.

We read in the Cincinnati *Inquirer*: "During Piccolomini's late sojourn at the Spencer House, in this city, the following incident occurred through a mistake, as natural as it must have been agreeable.

"A young gentleman, residing in the northern part of this State, received a letter, last week, from his sister, who had been attending school in Kentucky, stating that she would be, on a certain day, at the Spencer House, where two friends of hers were going, and she would look for him to arrive in good season and accompany her home.

"The brother, Alfred, came at once, for he had not seen his sister for nearly two years, having passed much of that time in New York, and, on arriving at the hotel, asked for Miss ——, and the number of her room. Hoping to surprise her agreeably, he thought he would go up unannounced, having learned the floor and the position of the apartment. Just before he reached the room he saw his sister, as he supposed, coming out. She was small and plump, as when he saw her last, and he thought he would conceal himself behind the wall of the hall until she came opposite. He did so, and in another moment a pair of little feet were falling in pedal music upon the floor. She was within reach of him. It was she, of course, he thought, although the gathering shadows of the evening rendered objects somewhat indistinct. That little head with dark tresses, and humming of an air—always his sister's habit—made him confident. He would hesitate no longer: so he extended his arms, and clasping the diminutive figure before him, and bending down and imprinting three or four cordial kisses on one of the most delicious of mouths, he asked, 'Don't you know your brother, you little rogue?'

"The 'little rogue' looked blank with amazement, and then, muttering something very sweet, but not intelligible, slipped out of his half-enclasping arms, and retreated in the direction she had come.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF IT.

"Alfred now saw he must have made a mistake; and, as no one appeared, he went to the senior proprietor, to explain the awkward position in which he had been placed, having no desire to be compelled to be shot at, or be shot by, some *genuine* brother.

"The Colonel, who was well acquainted with Alfred, informed him that he had mistaken Piccolomini for his sister.

"For the first time the brother learned that the diminutive divinity was in the city, and immediately wrote her an apology, saying he could not regret what had occurred on his own account, but would, if she desired it, on hers. He had no idea he was pressing the Psychean lips of the loveliest and most fascinating songstress in the world, and that the mistake had only taken place because she was as beautiful as his sister. She had his most humble apology for what had occurred, and if she would not be satisfied he would return her what he had taken.

"When this note was translated to the bewitching Marie, and she was assured of its sincerity, she laughed immoderately, and said she had supposed perhaps kissing a pretty girl (here she looked very archly), on meeting her, was an American custom. It had frightened her at first, but now she did not care, for, said she, in her attractive English Tuscan: 'Ze keess deed me no 'aarm—indeed it vas not so dees—vat you say eet is?—dees-a-gra-ble.'"

IS MR. SPURGEON COMING TO THE UNITED STATES?

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* thus writes concerning the expected visit of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon to this country:

"The Rev. S. A. Corey, of the Eighteenth Street Baptist Church, preached a sermon on Sunday night that had much significance, when taken in connection with his position. Mr. Corey was the agent of the gentlemen in New York by whom the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was induced to make his American arrangement. The contract made for his coming was made with Mr. Corey, and he may be presumed to know quite as much about his visit as gentlemen outside. Not a little nervousness has been exhibited in certain quarters about the effect of Mr. Spurgeon's visit, and his mode of treating the Slavery question and the matter of open communion. To this state of feeling Mr. Corey made allusion on Sunday night last. He began by saying that Mr. Spurgeon would visit New York. 'I have been questioned by a large number of persons,' said Mr. C., 'in regard to the proposed visit of Mr. Spurgeon to America. Several of our brethren have said to me, "Now if Mr. Spurgeon comes on here and preaches in favor of open communion, with his great eloquence and power, he will throw confusion into our churches, and we can not stand against him;" while others, equally anxious, want to know if he will meddle with the topic of Slavery.' To this Mr. Corey said, 'When Mr. Spurgeon reaches America he will preach on any and all subjects that may please him. And when you can chain the forked lightning, and control the current and the roar of Niagara, then, and not till then, can you put a lock on those youthful lips, or dictate what Spurgeon shall say to those assembled to hear him.' The last steamer brought a letter from Spurgeon."

A BRIDE BURNED TO DEATH.

The Louisville *Journal* says a young lady named Shuck was burned to death at Lebanon, Kentucky, a few days since, on her wedding day. The wedding was to have taken place at 11 o'clock on Monday morning, and the happy company to have started to Louisville on the evening train. Just a few moments before the time for the ceremony, Mr. Thomas, the bridegroom, swung open the door of the chamber where he was alone with the bride, and the wind made by the movement blew her vail into the fire-place. Of course she was instantly enveloped in the flames. Mr. Thomas was so bewildered that he could render little or no assistance. The screams of the sufferer brought her father, sister, and several other persons to the top of the stairs where she had gone in her excitement. Water and other means were used to extinguish the fire; but before it could be done she was dreadfully burned. After her wounds were dressed the ceremony was performed; but alas, the wedding and funeral were near together. She lingered in great suffering until Wednesday morning at 1 o'clock. Mr. John Shuck, the father of the deceased, is one of the most prominent lawyers in the central portion of the State. Mr. Thomas is also a young lawyer of fine promise. His agony of mind is intense.

PERSONAL.

Count de Sartiges, the French Minister, is removed, and the Visconte de Seree, at present at Carlsbad, near Baden, is appointed here. He is, like Lord Lyons, a bachelor.

A letter from Dr. S. G. Howe, who accompanied the Rev. Theodore Parker on his voyage to the West Indies, was read at the Music Hall in Boston last Sunday. They arrived at Havana on the 16th inst. Mr. Parker had suffered considerably from sea-sickness, so as to be confined to his bed, but was otherwise in as good health as when he left New York, with encouraging symptoms. His appetite was excellent and his courage good.

The number of the diplomatic circle in Washington is about to be increased by a new *attaché* to the Russian Legation, in the person of a Prince Ouronsoff. As his ancestors have been once sovereigns in Tartary, it may be said that he is a genuine article, and not a creation by parchment. Let us add, for the sake of beauty, fashion, etc., of our political metropolis, that the new-comer is young, elegant, and wealthy.

The Philadelphia *Press*, of Friday, says: "James A. Maitland, author of 'Sartaroe,' who lately made his exit from New York, with a touching announcement that he was about committing suicide, has turned up. Suspicion was, that he had gone to the Far West. Fact is, he is at Montreal, in Canada.

It is said that Mr. Key, the late District Attorney at Washington, is not the first one of his family who has met with a violent death. A brother, Francis Key, was killed about twenty-five years ago in a duel with Midshipman Sherburne, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

A London newspaper item hath it that Mr. T. C. Evans is in that city, just fresh from New York, with a view of escorting Dickens to the United States, and Mr. Arthur Smith will accompany him. Mr. Albert Smith says that Mr. Dickens is warm on theatrical management, and positively hot on acting, and that it is just possible he may soon become the lessee of a theatre in the Strand.

On the evening of February 24, the Hon. John Cochrane gave a great dinner-party at Washington to the correspondents of the papers. Speeches were made by Messrs. Kingman, Simonton, Shaw, Cobright, Hart, Phillips, and other Washington letter-writers. Mr. Cochrane himself inherits eloquence. He comes of the old Livingston stock.

A letter in a Boston newspaper says that the Unitarian churches of New York are talking of adopting a liturgy, and the Rev. Dr. Osgood has been requested to draw up a form of this sort. If we are not mistaken, a service of this kind is already in use in the church of the Rev. Mr. Longfellow, of Brooklyn.

James W. Hoyt, Collector for the town of Wallkill, New York, has attached, and offers for sale, "A pair of Bloomer Pants," the property of Mrs. Dr. Lydia Hasbrook, in satisfaction for taxes due said town by the lady doctor.

The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says of the Louisiana Congressman who is to be Mr. Corcoran's son-in-law, that a number of Mr. Eustis's bachelor friends propose to celebrate the loss of so brilliant a member of their order by a dinner to the esteemed *departing*.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has abandoned his contemplated trip to America certainly for the present year.

A little gentleman, aged fifteen years, and a little lady, aged fourteen years, who were at school together at Albany, arrived at Utica on Sunday morning last, having eloped from home with the intention of being made one flesh. The father of the boy arrived in time to prevent this consummation, and took the couple home, where the little girl was shut up in a dark closet and the little boy soundly whipped, and their ardent love thus brought to a sudden and unhappy termination.

Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati grape-grower, was knocked down by a dog while walking in the street a few days ago, and so strained the tendons of one of his legs that he has not been able to leave the house since, nor will he be, from present appearances, for some time to come. A similar accident in the hall of the Astor House once disabled for nearly a year the great Albany lawyer, Nicholas Hill.

Ex-Governor Hoppin, of Rhode Island, after an honorable public career, has returned to the practice of law. The present Chief Magistrate of the State, Governor Dyer, has declined a renomination for Governor. He will, undoubtedly, now return more fully to his regular business as a merchant and manufacturer of cottons.

Two young ladies belonging in Newburyport, a few days since, wishing to go from Lowell to Lawrence, preferred skates and the Merrimac to the cars and railroad, and made the passage of ten miles in forty minutes. For some portion of the way there was a strong head wind, or the feat might have been accomplished in less time.

The rumor which has been going the rounds of the press, that Chief Justice Taney contemplated resigning his judgeship in the Supreme Court of the United States, the *Tribune* learns, from the best authority, is wholly without foundation, and adds, Chief Justice Taney does not, and has never contemplated taking such a step.

A "Bearded Ball" was recently given at Chicago, at which no gentleman was admitted without some hairy honor to his face. At the supper table, among the toasts and speeches denunciatory of shaving, was the following:

"*Man*—Full-grown, bearded, Nature's great masterwork; too noble to be barefaced, too perfect to be botched by the bungling of barberism."

The entertainment closed with the "Bearded Quadrille," a dance made for the occasion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A LION AT LARGE ON BOARD SHIP.

THE *Himalaya*, screw troop ship, Commander John Secombe, arrived at Spithead on the 7th, from the Mediterranean. She left Malta on the 24th ultimo, and Tangiers on the 30th, having proceeded thither to ship a number of presents to her majesty the Queen of Great Britain from the Emperor of Morocco. Those presents consist of one lion, one leopard, one buffalo, one antelope, ten Arab horses, and six ostriches, together with several cases of valuable shawls, silks, and curiosities. An alarming incident occurred on the *Himalaya's* passage home. On the 2d instant, owing to some carelessness on the part of his keeper (a Moor), the lion, a fine full-grown animal, burst through his cage door and speedily cleared the main deck of human beings. As may be imagined, the utmost consternation was occasioned on board the ship, and the passengers and crew took the speediest measures for their safety, the latter taking refuge in the rigging of the vessel. The king of the forest (and *pro tem.* of the ship also) condescended, in his short perambulation, to "smell" the buffalo, who was tied up in an adjoining stall, and the latter showed fight by making a vigorous butt at his majesty, who resented the attack by flooring his opponent with one stroke of the paw. The lion, it is said, had command of the deck for some time, until a rope was thrown over his head and hauled taut. The animal struggled to free himself, but his legs were secured, and he was hauled back to his den. But for the energy and courage thus displayed some mischief might have occurred; as it was, the lion was not secured until he had received some heavy blows on the head with a marlingspike.

ELOPED WITH A POLICEMAN.

Lately one of the guardians of the lives and property of her Majesty's subjects in Sunderland obtained leave of absence for a couple of days. He proceeded to Darlington, and there saw the object of his affections. Policeman No. — was ambitious. He was not content with Jane the scullery-maid, or Betty the cook, as most of the "blue-coats" are said to be. He aimed at nothing less than Miss Sarah, a respectable farmer's daughter. He made his arrangements with her, and off they went on Friday night. They staid all night at a relative's, and started next morning for Sunderland. The young lady's father learned their whereabouts, and pursued them. Too late; he learned they were *en route* for Sunderland, and he telegraphed to Leamside, where the runaways were stopped. An official stepped up to the lady and said, "Is your name Miss ——?" She replied, "Yes." "Then you must be detained here," responded the official. But Policeman No. — here interposed, and asked, "Where was his authority to detain Miss ——?" "I have got a telegraphic message, and she must be detained here said the official. "But I am a police-officer from Sunderland," retorted No. —, "and I have got Miss —— in charge." This staggered the official, and he was allowed to bear away his captive. They arrived safely in Sunderland; a license, and not a warrant, was procured; and on the following morning the lady appeared, in charge of her captor, before the parson, and not the magistrate, and she was bound "to love, honor, and obey" Policeman No. —.

A LETTER OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The *Literary Gazette* publishes a letter lately addressed to the Marquis of Normanby by Walter Savage Landor. They were at one time great friends, but, on meeting in Florence more recently, the nobleman seemed to think that Landor's conduct in his late quarrels with a woman had not been creditable, and he "cut" him. So thus wrote the poet:

"MY LORD.—Now I am recovering from an illness of several months' duration, aggravated no little by your lordship's rude reception of me at the Casino, in presence of my family and of numerous Florentines, I must remind you in the gentlest terms of the occurrence. It was the only personal indignity I ever received. We are old men, my lord, and verging on decrepitude and imbecility, else my note might be more emphatic. Do not imagine I am unobservant of distinctions. You, by the favor of a minister, are Marquis of Normanby; I, by the grace of God, am Walter Savage Landor."

FRANCE.

HOW THE PAY OF THE DEPUTIES WAS SETTLED.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on Wednesday: "A very extraordinary circumstance occurred to-day. The salary of the deputies is fixed at 2500 francs per month, and the ordinary duration of the session is three months, so that they get at least 7500 francs a year. It has, however, frequently happened that the session has been prolonged for a day or two without any very apparent motive than that of enabling the members to touch a fourth month's pay as a reward for docility. This morning, when the members of the seven bureaux met in their respective committee-rooms for the first time this session, they were astonished at finding themselves called upon to answer an official question whether they would prefer a fixed yearly salary of 10,000 francs to the present arrangement of 2500 francs per month. The deputies were greatly offended at being called upon, in this direct way, to express an opinion touching their own personal interests. They would like very much to touch the 10,000 francs, but they expected that it was going to be given to them, and they think it highly indelicate that they should be made to ask for it. I understand that most of the bureaux refused to answer the question. In the 5th bureau M. Emile Ollivier moved the following resolution: 'Whereas, under existing circumstances, the proposal made to the Corps Legislatif is a positive insult, the bureau passes to the order of the day.' I have not heard what became of this strongly-worded motion; I can hardly suppose that it can have been carried."

THE RECEPTION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The Government certainly did its part in rendering the Prince's reception brilliant, for there were plenty of soldiers who had nothing else to do, and were only too glad to get a sight at the young Sardinian Princess—or, as the *badauds* of Paris call her, *La fleur des pois-Sardes*—while the Railroad Company, who have always ready for Imperial visits an indefinite length of green velvet, with golden bees, were on their part only too glad to spread their velvet out to interrupt the labors of destructive vermin. At the issue of the railway station the Imperial party were loudly cheered, because there the secret police and the employés of the railroad were collected in large numbers. But on the rest of the route not a sound of welcome was heard but from the mouths of the soldiers. On the Place de la Bastile, where an immense crowd of work-people were stationed, the silence was unbroken during the passage of the *cortége;* but as the last carriage rolled by an *ouvrier* in the crowd yelled out, '*Bis, bis!*' The cry was responded to by another *ouvrier* across the road: '*Ça ne vaut pas la peine, mon ami!*' At another point, a solitary individual, better dressed than the rest, shouted out a *viva* in the rear, when the crowd, with a simultaneous 'O-o-h!' turned toward him and laughed derisively in his face. The gentleman walked away with the air of a man who had 'put his foot in it.'

THE EMPRESS AND CLOTILDE.

"You have no doubt seen and published the pretty little letter sent by the Empress to the Princess Clotilde accompanying a ring, and you have probably received from this fact the impression that Eugénie was delighted with the match. I am told, on the contrary, that her Majesty opposed it to the last, and only yielded when opposition was useless. You can judge, therefore, how much it must have cost her to pen the lines referred to. Eugénie could not bear to see a lady of infinitely higher birth than herself established in a court alongside of her, and which was only an appanage of her own. We thus had the spectacle of the Princess Clotilde on her knees before her father begging not to be married yet, and the Empress Eugénie in like manner before Napoleon pleading against the match. But destiny threw these ladies into the power of two monarchs on whom tears fall without effect, and the sacrifice had to be made. To her credit however be it said, that when circumstances compel the Empress Eugénie to make a sacrifice of her personal feelings, she knows how to put into practice that excellent maxim, that 'Whatever one is compelled to do, it is best to do graciously.'"

LOVE IN A CONVENT.

An advocate of Rouen, M. Raoul de Malherbe, who died in 1851, left a widow, an Italian lady, and two children. Some time after a Count d'O——, much her senior, fell violently in love with her; and though at first she did not accept his advances, and even retired into a convent at Mantes to avoid him, she ended by responding to his passion. The result was that while still in the convent she gave him several meetings, and that an intimate connection was established between them. But after a while her conduct became known to the superior of the convent, and she was obliged to leave. Wrung by remorse, she confessed her intrigue to her husband's mother. The mother, being greatly shocked, sent her to her family at Rome. The Count followed her there, and a marriage according to the forms of the Roman Catholic Church was celebrated between them. Subsequently the fact of her having had an intrigue before the marriage became known, by the opening of some confidential letters to some other persons. The consequence was that a "family council," consisting of members of the De Malherbe family, assembled, and decided that for her misconduct she should be deprived of the guardianship of her two children. The civil tribunal of Evreux, being applied to, sanctioned the decision. On Friday the lady appealed to the Imperial Court of Rouen and the court decided that the fault which she had committed, having been extenuated by a religious marriage, did not constitute that "notorious misconduct" for which Article 444 of the Code Napoleon says that a mother may be deprived of the guardianship of her children. It therefore quashed the decision of the family council.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

The *Siècle* says: "A case of spontaneous combustion took place, two days ago, at Boulogne, near Paris. A widow, aged forty-six, named Henrietta L——, who worked as a washerwoman, was well known for her propensity to the use of spirituous liquors. As she had not for some days made her appearance as usual, her sister, accompanied by the landlord of the house in which she lived, went to her room, but the moment they entered they started back in alarm, perceiving on the ground a human head, half-burned, and, at a little distance, two feet, and a slight train of animal charcoal, showing where the body had been. There also stood near a chair upset, and half consumed, and a cup in which some spirit remained. It did not appear that any fire had been lighted in the chimney; and there is every reason to suppose that the spirit with which her system was impregnated caught fire on her lighting a candle with a match."

A MADMAN MURDERER.

A horrible event took place at Ramonchamp (Voges), a night or two ago. A man named Parmentier, 36 years of age, had manifested signs of madness, and on the night in question, when in bed, he threatened to strangle his mother, who slept in an adjoining room. His wife, becoming alarmed at the violence which suddenly displayed itself, ran with the eldest of her sons to call in the neighbors. When she returned she found, to her horror, the dead body of her mother extended on the floor, and by its side the corpses of two of her children; likewise the dead body of a third child was afterward found in the garden. Parmentier had killed them all with repeated blows of a hatchet. The murderer was soon after captured when standing before the church, and placed in confinement. A few days before this event it appears that he had wounded his wife in three places, though not seriously.

A PLEASANT CHOICE.

A M. Feuillet was traveling in a steamboat at a time when an explosion took place. M. F. was transfixed by an iron spit seven feet long. The spit went in at the abdomen, and passed out at the back, so that there were three feet of the spit in front and three feet of the spit behind. M. F. was conveyed to the nearest hotel. His position demanded all the resources of art. A surgeon was accordingly sent for, who, on arriving, felt the patient's pulse, and asked him where he was suffering.

"In the abdomen," replied the wounded man.

"Indeed! How did it happen to you?"

The patient thereupon detailed the sad incident of his being transfixed. The surgeon shook his head, and resumed:

"Are they subject to this accident, Sir, in your family?"

"No," replied the patient, "not that I know. My father and mother are very old, and have never been spitted. So with regard to my brothers and sisters, and my uncles and aunts."

"Very well, Sir. I required that information in order to give a correct prognosis. You experience, I suppose, considerable difficulty in lying on your back?"

"Yes, Sir, it is indeed impossible."

"It is not any easier for you to lie on your stomach?"

"I experience precisely the same difficulty."

"It must, therefore, be much easier for you to lie on your side?"

"That is the only position I can lie in."

"That will suffice, Sir. It only remains to determine upon the treatment. Here the indications are very precise: either we can leave the spit—but then you will most likely die of inflammation—or we can extract it; but then it is not probable that you will survive the operation. Science, Sir, has its limits; your fate is in your own hands; you must decide for either one treatment or the other."

MORPHY'S LAST GAME.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "M. Delaunoy is a French gentleman, who has been for many years a student of the fascinating game of chess, and who has reached no mean degree of proficiency. The best of the French players, M. Arnous de Riviere, only pretends to give M. Delaunoy the advantage of a pawn and two moves, and, a few days ago, I saw de Riviere lose five successive games at that odds. M. Delaunoy knew personally, and has often played with the famous Labourdonnais, the French god of chess, whom the French generation of today are constantly holding up as the miracle who would have beaten Morphy. As the man has been dead twenty years or more all this pother about what he *might* (the French say *would*) have done is absurd enough, as you may readily imagine; but M. Delaunoy, not content with vaunting the defunct champion, has loudly declared, within the past ten days, that the aforesaid Labourdonnais used to give him, the aforesaid Delaunoy, the odds of a knight, and no living player could venture to attempt a similar feat. Mr. Morphy's name having been mingled with all this vaporing, that gentleman quietly sent word to M. Delaunoy that he would play him a few games, giving the knight; which proposition was at once accepted. Before the first sitting commenced, Delaunoy called all the Loungers of the Regence to witness that 'Mr. Morphy would not win a game.' Score of the games played:

"Morphy, 13. Delaunoy, 4. Drawn, 0."

PRESENTATION OF AMERICANS AT COURT.

The *Express* correspondent says: "On Tuesday evening a large presentation to their Majesties took place at the Tuileries, after which a ball, in honor of the Princess Clotilde of Sardinia, wife of Prince Napoleon, was given in the palace. The ladies and gentlemen presented had only to walk out of the saloon in which the ceremony took place into the ball-room. As usual, the number of Americans honored by an introduction to the Emperor and Empress was very large. Indeed it has been more than once remarked (and it would be strange were it not) that the Minister of the United States presents at Court two persons where any other Minister or even Embassador presents one, not excepting Lord Cowley. The reason is obvious. All the other heads of missions refuse to present any of their countrymen, whatever their rank or claims, who have not previously been formally presented to their own sovereigns. With Americans the case is different. They are 'sovereigns' themselves, and many of them probably imagine that much of the pleasure of the affair accrues to the Emperor, who ought to feel proud to make the acquaintance of a free American citizen. I add a list of the American ladies and gentlemen presented to their Majesties on Tuesday night:

"Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Millandon, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Michel Heine, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ludlow, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Sturges, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. James Codman, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Warden, New York; Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Bull, Boston; Miss C. A. Cummings, Boston; Miss M'Clure, New York; Dr. J. F. Noyes, Ohio; Dr. J. C. Dubois, New York; Dr. H. Derby, Boston; Mr. A. K. Joseph, New Orleans; Mr. D. L. Alward, Virginia; Mr. A. Heard, New York; Miss De Connich, New York; Colonel Kintner, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Sanderson, New Orleans; Miss Sparrow, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Center, New York; Mr. De T. Taylor, Virginia; G. C. Gibson; W. S. Thornton, South Carolina; Mrs. and Miss S. Bourry, New York; Mrs. C. and Mr. A. J. Clark, Connecticut; Mrs. Jordan, Connecticut; Mrs. William Biddle, Pennsylvania; Hon. Judge Lyons and Miss Lyons, New Orleans; Mr. Bouluguet, Charleston; Hon. H. S. Russell and Mr. J. Parker, Boston. In addition to the above were also presented the Hon. William Preston, of Kentucky, Minister of the United States to Spain; Mrs. Preston, Miss Preston, Mr. Wooley, Secretary of the United States Legation to Spain; and Major de Haviland, attaché of the same Legation."

M. ROTHSCHILD'S MARRIAGE.

Galignani says: "The marriage of M. Rothschild, Jun., with the daughter of M. Anspach, Judge of the Imperial Court, took place at the synagogue in the Rue Nôtre Dame de Nazareth. The signature of the contract took place on the previous day at the Hotel Rothschild, in presence of a number of distinguished personages. The synagogue was fitted up in a very superb manner for the occasion, and the altar was dazzling with lights. The Grand Rabbi gave the nuptial benediction and delivered an address. Baron James de Rothschild, on the occasion of the marriage, sent a sum of 18,000 francs to be divided among the twelve *bureaux de bienfaisance* of Paris."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Boston *Traveller* makes the following extracts from the letter of its Paris correspondent, dated February 10: "The Minister of State has bought eight gold crowns of the seventh century, which were found at a place called La Fuente de Guarrazar, near Toledo; one of them bears King Reccesvinthus's name, a Gothic king who reigned about 649-672; another was the crown of his wife; they bear great analogy with Merovingian jewels. The Emperor has purchased in England, for his stud, Flying Dutchman, the well-known blooded stallion, who is now fourteen years old, for 103,000 francs, two other blooded stallions for 25,000 francs a piece, and another for 22,500 francs. Captain Renaud of Nantes, who saved so large a portion of the passengers of the steamship *Austria*, has received the Grand Ducal Order of Hesse; he has the cross of the Legion of Honor. Marshal Bosquet is a confirmed dotard—no hope whatever is entertained by his medical attendants of his recovery. M. Alexis de Tocqueville's health has become unexpectedly impaired within the last week, and the most serious fears are entertained that galloping consumption may set in. Mr. Preston, the United States Minister to Spain, is now in London on a visit; he will soon return and go to his post. Miss Mason, daughter of the American Minister here, has married Mr. Anderson, the son of a wealthy ironmaster of Norfolk, Virginia."

A VERY HARD CASE.

A truly extraordinary case, involving a point of great social importance in the law of husband and wife, has just been decided at Angers. In 1813 a M. L—— was duly married by the proper civil officer to a Miss N——. It appears that the parties, who were then both above 19, did not go through the marriage ceremony with the intention of living together immediately as man and wife, but merely for the purpose of placing the husband in the category of married men, and so giving him a better chance, according to the regulations of the time, to escape from military service. They did not go to church on leaving the Marie, but there can be no doubt the lady contemplated a religious sanction to the marriage as soon as circumstances might allow it to be made a marriage in deed as well as in law. Her intentions or expectations on this subject were, however, it must be observed, utterly immaterial according to the Code Napoleon, which sees in marriage a civil contract only. M. and Madame L—— were, therefore, man and wife to all intents and purposes, except, indeed, in the forum of their own intention and conscience—but those are of no account in law. For reasons not explained, the parties never lived together, and for a period of 45 years the lady has remained a virgin wife. The husband had some fortune of his own, and moreover for many years gained a good income as factor to a man of property. The wife, up to 1849, lived entirely upon her own resources, leading a life of honest poverty as a village schoolmistress. At that period some negotiations took place between the husband and wife on the subject of her maintenance, and in consideration of her renouncing all claim to community of goods, he allowed her a very small annuity. As years rolled on, the husband's circumstances improved; the wife, on the contrary, became infirm in her old age—she became unable to work for her living, her pension was insufficient for her maintenance, and she contracted some unavoidable debts. In this state of things, after having submitted for nearly half a century to the melancholy position in which she was left as a wife without a husband, she resolved to institute a suit for the restitution of conjugal rights. The husband, after some hesitation, consented to receive her into his house; but he refused to celebrate a religious marriage, which she insisted upon previous to cohabitation. Thereupon she brought a second action, demanding a separation *à mensâ et thoro*, and proper alimony, on the ground of what, in Doctors' Commons language, would be called *sævitia*, or, according to article 214 of the Code Napoleon, "a grave insult," the insult consisting in asking her to live with him without being married in church. The Tribunal of First Instance of Mayenne, before whom the cause originally came, dismissed the wife's suit as being founded upon a misprision of the French law of civil marriage. But, on appeal, the Imperial Court of Angers held that the husband, in offering to receive his wife into his house upon a condition incompatible with her dignity and conscience as a Christian woman, he placed her in a dilemma between remaining in the abandoned state in which she had too long been left, or accepting a position which, in her eyes, was worse still—that he had thereby inflicted upon her the "grave insult" contemplated by the code, and that she was entitled to the separation prayed for. The case is one of those hard ones which "make bad law."

AUSTRIA.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

The Austrian Government continues its military preparations, by recalling soldiers on furlough, purchasing horses and stores, and casting artillery. According to the estimate of the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, the Austrian army now consists of about 450,000 men of all arms, but might easily be raised to 600,000 men. Whatever may be the preparations which the Austrian Government is making, it professes to expect peace. The *Oesterreichische Correspondenz*, a semi-official publication, considers the Emperor Louis Napoleon's speech to be pacific, and expresses a hope that diplomacy may solve the questions respecting the military occupation of the Papal States, and that armaments will cease in France.

ITALY.

CAVOUR ON THE WAR.

The following is a summary of the speech of Count Cavour, on the occasion of the debate concerning the project of the loan. He said: "Our consistent policy has been at all times national, and never of a revolutionary character. Austria has lately taken a menacing attitude toward us. It has increased its military at Placenza; it has collected very large forces at our frontiers; therefore the necessity arises for us to look for means for the defense of the State. The English alliance has been always the constant care of our whole political life; we have always considered England as the impregnable asylum of liberty. The cries of suffering coming from Bologna and Naples, arrive still at the borders of the Thames; but the tears and groans of Milan are intercepted by the Alps and the Austrians; but the cause of liberty, of justice, and of civilization, triumphs always. As regards England, Lord Derby will not tarnish his glory in making himself an accomplice of those who wish to condemn the Italians to eternal servitude. Our policy is defiant: we will not excite war, neither will we lower our voice when Austria arms herself and threatens us."

THE VOTE ON THE LOAN BILL.

The bill for a loan of fifty millions of francs was examined by the bureaux of the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies on the 5th. In the 1st, M. Rosa expressed an opinion that the sum was too small, and ought to be doubled. This motion, seconded by M. Ricci, was agreed to. In the 2d, Count Revel objected to the bill unless further explanations were given by the ministry; while MM. Tecchio and Cavallini supported it. In the 3d and 4th, the bill was adhered to, on condition that the ministers should be requested to give the committee such further information as could not be safely rendered public. The only other bureaux where some attempt was made to oppose the bill were the 16th and 7th. The commission is composed as follows: MM. Ricci, Cavallini, Guglianetti, Robecchi, Depretis, Brofferio, and Moffa di Ligio, all favorable to the bill.

After a stormy discussion the new loan was voted by the Sardinian Chambers. For the loan, 116; against it, 35.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ROME.

The correspondent of the *Morning Post*, dating Rome, February 8, says:

"Your readers will doubtless be interested in having the earliest intelligence of the Prince of Wales's reception at the Vatican; a visit from a Prince of the blood-royal of England to the Pope not having taken place for some centuries, with the exception of the exiled family of the Stuarts. The express desire of Her Majesty having been distinctly made known that every thing connected with the formality should be conducted in as private a manner as possible, the Prince of Wales went yesterday morning to the palace, accompanied by Colonel Bruce, Mr. Odo Russell, and the members of his suite, to pay his respects to the Pope, into whose presence he was conducted by the Commendatore Datti, merely preceded by two Swiss guards.

"His Holiness rose on the entry of the Prince, and coming forward to the door of the apartment to meet him, conducted him in the most affable manner possible to a seat, and entered into conversation with him in French, with that benignity of address which makes so strong an impression upon all who are presented to Pio Nono. Colonel Bruce was the only other person present at the interview, which was brief, and limited to complimentary expressions and subjects of local interest, but perfectly satisfactory to all parties. On the Prince's rising to take his leave, the Pope conducted him again to the door with the same warmth of manner which he had testified on receiving him."

THE KING OF NAPLES'S HEALTH.

The relapse of the King of Naples appears to have been rather severe. The day before the celebration of the marriage of the Duke of Calabria, King Ferdinand was obliged to again take to his bed, and was prevented from being present at the nuptial ceremony at Bari. According to the latest accounts a sensible improvement has since set in, and the King expected to be soon able to return to Caserta.

JEDDAH.

PUNISHMENT OF THE MURDERERS.

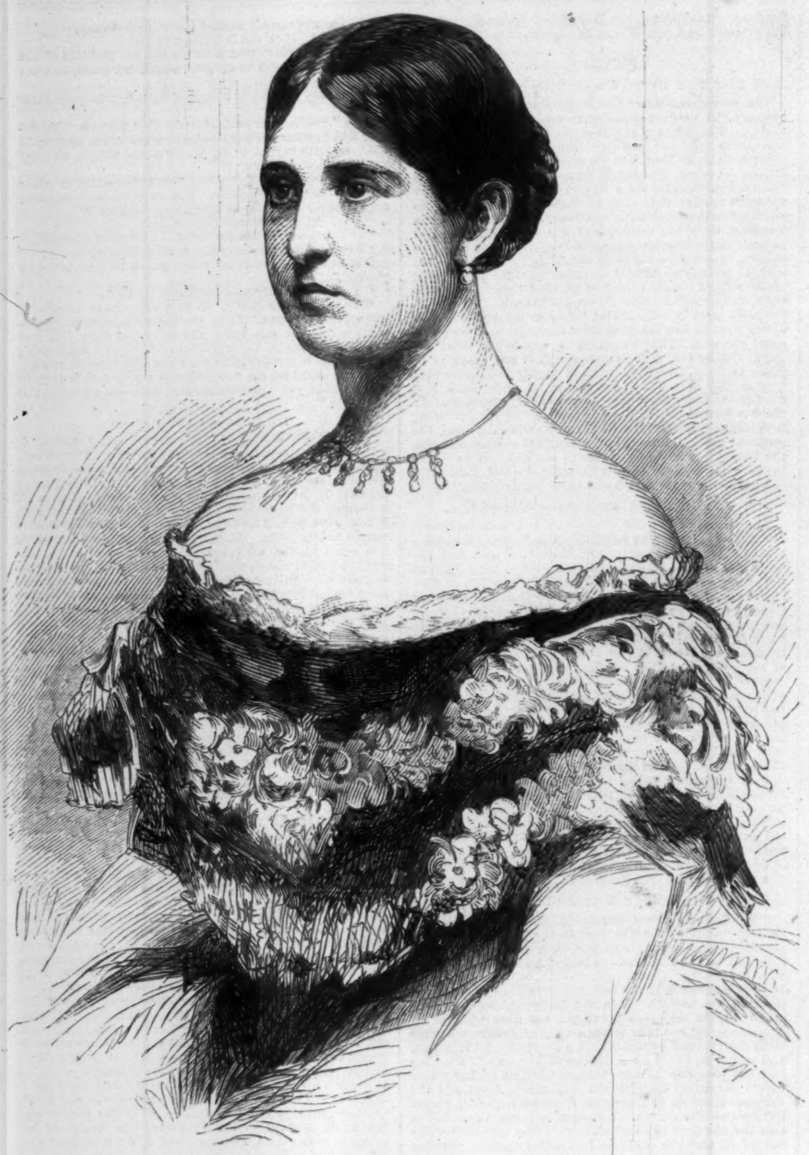
A letter from Jeddah states that the execution, already mentioned, of the criminals concerned in the massacre of the Christians in that city took place in the middle of the day, and in the most public manner possible. Their heads were cut off at the foot of the kiosque from which the orders for the massacre were issued. The inhabitants were struck with stupor, and for the most part remained shut up in their houses. The event has produced considerable sensation among them, and they now feel convinced that neither rank, station, nor riches will henceforth protect those who are led away by their fanaticism to the commission of such crimes.

THE SICKLES TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON.

WE illustrate this week, as chroniclers of passing events, one of the most awful tragedies that ever occurred in this country—being nothing less than the homicide of the District Attorney of the District of Columbia by a member of Congress for the city of New York. To render the painful story thoroughly intelligible, we must go back a few years.

Six years ago Mr. Daniel E. Sickles, then a prominent New York politician without office, married Teresa Bagioli, the daughter of an Italian music teacher residing at New York. Mr. Sickles is a good-looking man, as his portrait testifies: he was fond of gayety, and had been charged with undue fondness for the sex. Rumor was busy with his name not only before but at the time of his marriage; but it is not worth while to repeat the scandals which were current in reference to himself and the family into which he married. Suffice it to say that the lady he married in 1853 was seventeen years of age, very pretty and girlish, and extremely attractive in manner; well educated, and charming in every way. Mr. Sickles was appointed Secretary of Legation to Mr. Buchanan, Minister to London. He took his bride with him, and both husband and wife were well received in the aristocratic society of England. Mrs. Sickles, especially, was vastly admired by the English; her society was courted by the greatest people of the land.

Returning to this country before the Presidential election, Mr. Sickles exerted himself actively in favor of Mr. Buchanan, and was elected Member of Congress at the time his patron was chosen President. Since then Mr. Sickles has resided partly at Washington and partly in New York. When here he occupied a cottage on the Hudson, near the extremity of Manhattan Island, where his wife dispensed hospitality in a most gracious manner. At Washington he lived in the most fashionable quarter, on Lafayette Square, within a stone's-throw of the President's house. Here, too, his hospitalities were liberal and graceful. Every Tuesday Mrs. Sickles had a reception. Every Thursday Mrs. Sickles gave a dinner. At intervals during the season they gave balls, which were always crowded by the best people; and though Mr. Sickles was not supposed to be wealthy—he had no apparent income but that which he derived from a legal practice which was obviously limited—his balls were as perfect as those of the opulent Senators and Cabinet Ministers with whom he vied. Of these entertainments Mrs. Sickles was the soul and the charm. There was something inexpressibly fascinating and delightful about her fresh girlish face, and her sweet, amiable manner. She was as kind to a raw boy just let loose on society as to a Secretary of State; great and small, rich and poor, Democrat and Republican—she treated all with the same unvarying gentleness and lady-like amiability. No wonder she was a favorite at Washington.



MRS. DANIEL E. SICKLES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

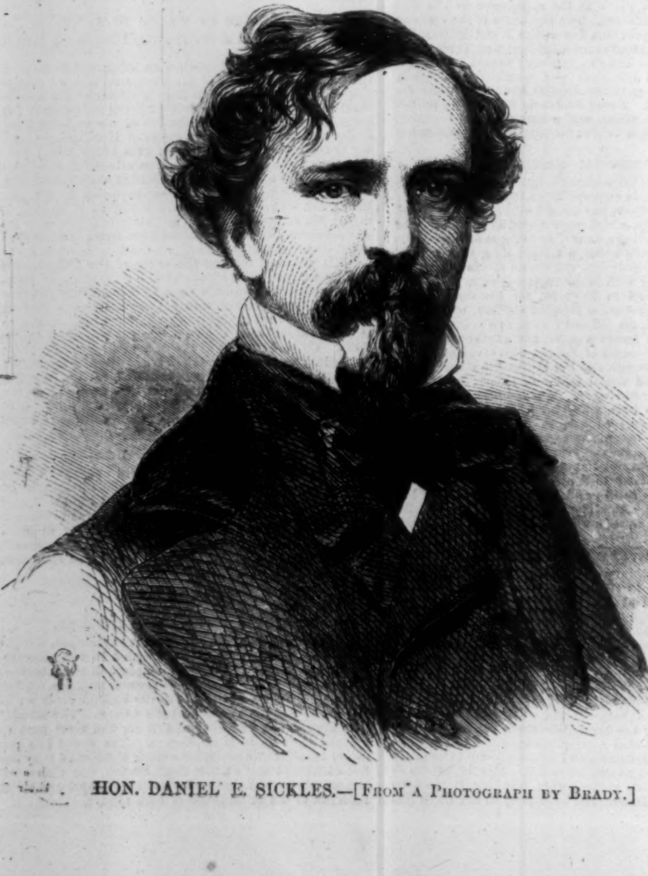
For some months polite society at Washington—which has been greatly exercised in reference to the flirtation of a great foreign Minister—has been scarcely less troubled about the relations between Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles. They were always together. At balls, at parties, in the street, at receptions, at theatres, every where, Mrs. Sickles was invariably accompanied by Phil Barton Key, District Attorney. Mr. Key was a man of fine presence, tall stature, and winning manners. His family was good; his father had been a prominent man in his day (he composed the "Star-Spangled Banner"); for nearly half a century the family had been settled at Washington, and moved in the best circles. About sixteen years ago Mr. Key married a Miss Swan, of Baltimore. After bearing him four children this lady died, some six years ago; since when Mr. Key has remained unmarried. Before his marriage he was renowned as a lady's man; and as a widower his ancient prestige returned to him. No man in Washington was more popular with the ladies, or more redoubted as a rival than Phil Barton Key. When, therefore, he abandoned the society of the heiresses and belles of the capital for the companionship of Mrs. Sickles it was natural that gossips should talk. It would appear, from evidence recently produced, that neither Mr. Key nor Mrs. Sickles acted with ordinary prudence; that their signals to each other were frequently noticed. In such cases prudence seldom holds out against the impulse of guilty passion.

On Thursday, 24th ult., Mr. Sickles had a dinner-party at his house. After the dinner the hosts and most of the guests went to a hop at Willard's hotel. As he was leaving his house Mr. Sickles received a letter, which he thrust, unopened, into his pocket. On his return home he opened this letter, and found it to be anonymous; it stated that a guilty intrigue existed between Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles, and added that they were in the habit of meeting at a house leased from a negro, the location of which it specified. Mr. Sickles spent a sleepless night, and early next morning dispatched a friend to the locality in question, to watch. The friend saw nothing. But from the inquiries he made he ascertained that a lady resembling Mrs. Sickles had, in fact, been in the habit of meeting a gentleman in the house designated. Armed with these presumptions, on Saturday evening Mr. Sickles charged his wife with adultery. She exclaimed, "Oh, I see I am discovered!" and confessed her guilt, imploring her husband to spare her. He declared that he did not wish to injure her, but she must put her confession in writing. This she did in the presence of two females, who signed it as witnesses.

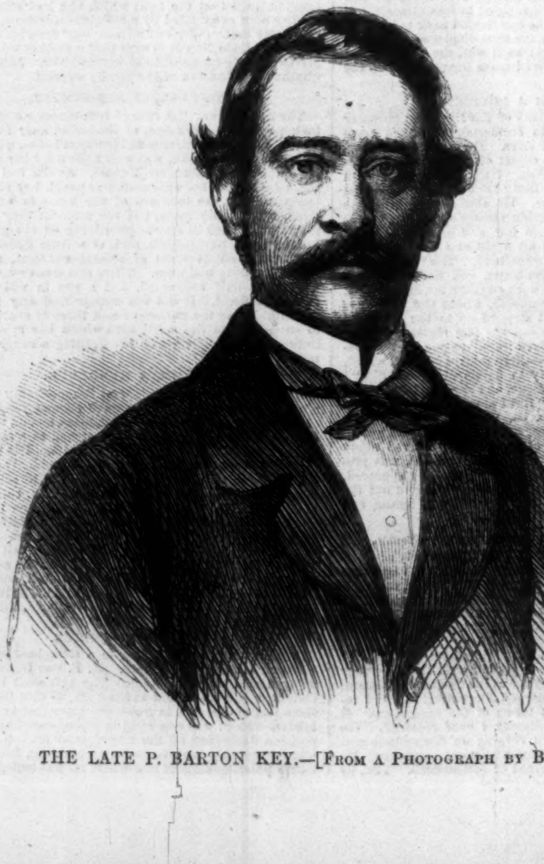
The remainder of the melancholy tale is so well given in the language of our Washington correspondent that we transfer the task of narration to him. He says:

"From the declarations of the most prominent actors in the sad affair we gather the following narrative. Mr. and Mrs. Sickles have been married six years—the anniversary of that event occurring last Tuesday. They have one child, a beautiful little girl between five and six years old. The marriage was not the result of mercenary motives, as has been falsely stated by some of the sensation paragraphs which have been sent over the wires, but it was brought about by a mutual love of so deep and abiding a character that the events which have recently transpired have been most fearful from the great love which these persons mutually feel, but which, of course, must hereafter be only a painful reminiscence, *for there is no shadow of possibility that Mr. Sickles will ever be reunited to his wife*. During their connection the most perfect harmony has prevailed—except on one occasion, about a year ago, when charges of impropriety were brought against Mrs. Sickles and Mr. Key; but after careful investigation Mr. Sickles was convinced that there was nothing wrong. This lesson, however, instead of teaching prudence, seems to have drawn Key and Mrs. Sickles toward each other more than ever, for from shortly after that time they have been almost inseparable; and so marked were his attentions that, on several occasions, mutual friends have remonstrated both with him and with her; and as lately as within two or three days of the tragedy he received a strong caution in writing. Engaged in political matters, Mr. Sickles spent much of his time from home, and professes to have been without suspicion of his wife's infidelity up to the evening of the 24th ult., when he received an anonymous letter containing such full and precise information that he was forced to the belief that there might be truth in it. After revolving the matter in his mind for a few hours he wrote to a friend in New York, begging him to come immediately, but not assigning any reason for the request. Business compelled this friend to reply by telegraph that it was impossible for him to leave; and here was the starting-point of the subsequent tragedy. If the gentleman referred to could have been present, it is altogether probable that his relations to the parties and his own mature judiciousness would have enabled him to control Mr. Sickles's passion, and so to prevent any bloodshed. Failing in this, Mr. Sickles had resort to the employment of an agent, who, after investigation, reported that he had ascertained the guilt of the parties beyond any question; that, besides his residence on C Street, Key had rented a house in Fifteenth Street, and that he and Mrs. Sickles were accustomed to meet there so frequently that when portions of her wearing apparel were exhibited to the neighbors they were immediately identified. Subsequently he obtained a written statement from his wife; but with regard to this document, while there has been a great deal of speculation, and a great many guesses have been hazarded by the gentlemen of the Press, its contents are known to only two or three persons and the counsel of Mr. Sickles. It will not be produced in evidence except as a *dernier resort* to prove his justification; and it is to be hoped that the public morality may not have to endure such a revelation as it is reported to be.

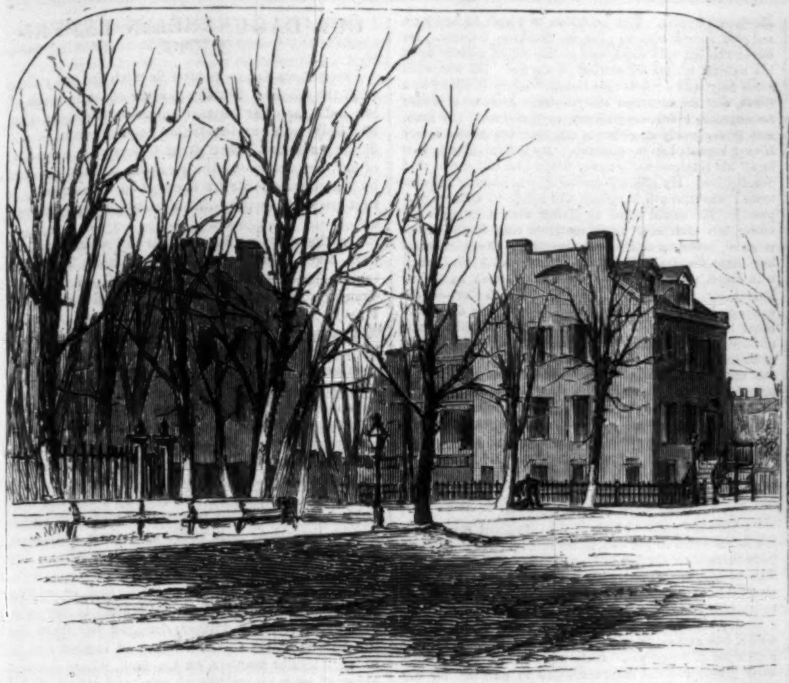
"On Sunday morning, according to the published statement of Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Sickles sent for him; and on his arrival at the house he found Mr. Sickles prostrated by his grief, and exclaiming continually, 'I am a dishonored and ruined



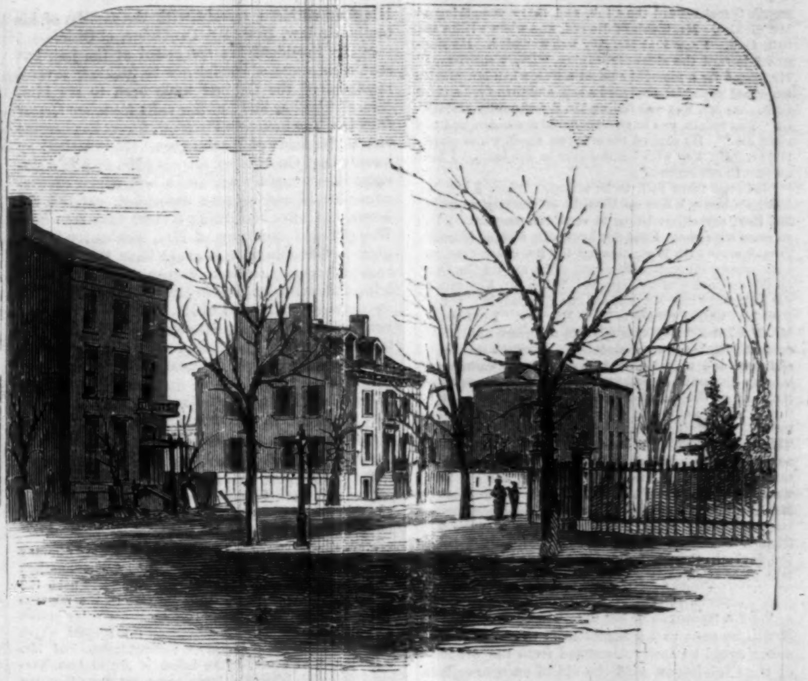
HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]



THE LATE P. BARTON KEY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]



SCENE OF THE HOMICIDE, WITH THE CLUB-HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.



LAFAYETTE SQUARE, SHOWING MR. SICKLES'S HOUSE.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY.]

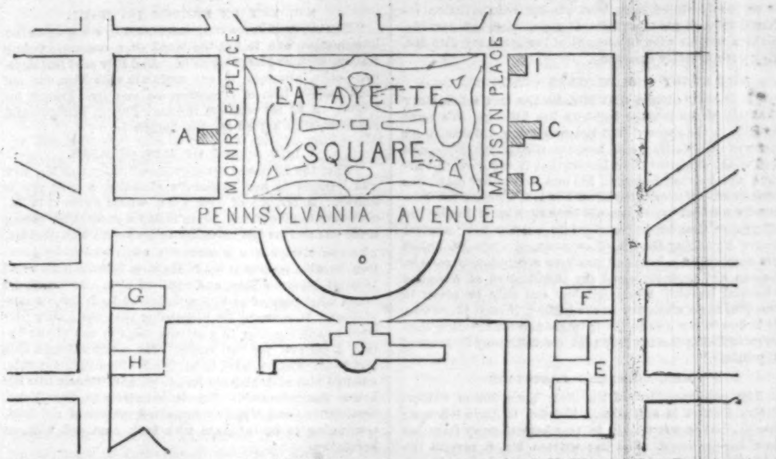
man, and can not look you in the face!' Butterworth says he counseled moderation, and at least a delay; that he left the house for a few minutes, and on his return was informed by Mr. Wooldridge, who was in the library, that during B.'s absence Key had twice passed the house, waving his handkerchief three times as a signal. What followed is best stated in Mr. Butterworth's own language; and the annexed diagram will help the reader to an idea of the localities:

While conversing with him Mr. Sickles came into the library and said that he had "seen the scoundrel making signals;" and he added, "My God! this is horrible!" I said, "Mr. Sickles, you must be calm, and look this matter square in the face. If there be a possibility of keeping the *certain knowledge* of this crime from the public you must do nothing to destroy that possibility. You may be mistaken in your belief that it is known to the whole city."

He instantly replied, "No, no, my friend, I am not; it is already the town talk." I then said, "If that be so there is but one course left for you, as a man of honor—you need no advice." After a few moments' silence Mr. S. said that he "was satisfied that Mr. Key had been in the habit of making his signals from a window of the Club-house opposite; and what surprised him very much was that his wife strenuously denied this, though freely confessing her guilt." He then walked into the hall, and said to me, "Come, go over with me to Stewart's room in the Club-house, and he may be able to inform me whether Key has a room there, and for what purpose he uses it." I assented, and walked out into the street, supposing that Mr. Sickles was following me. I left the house for this sole purpose.

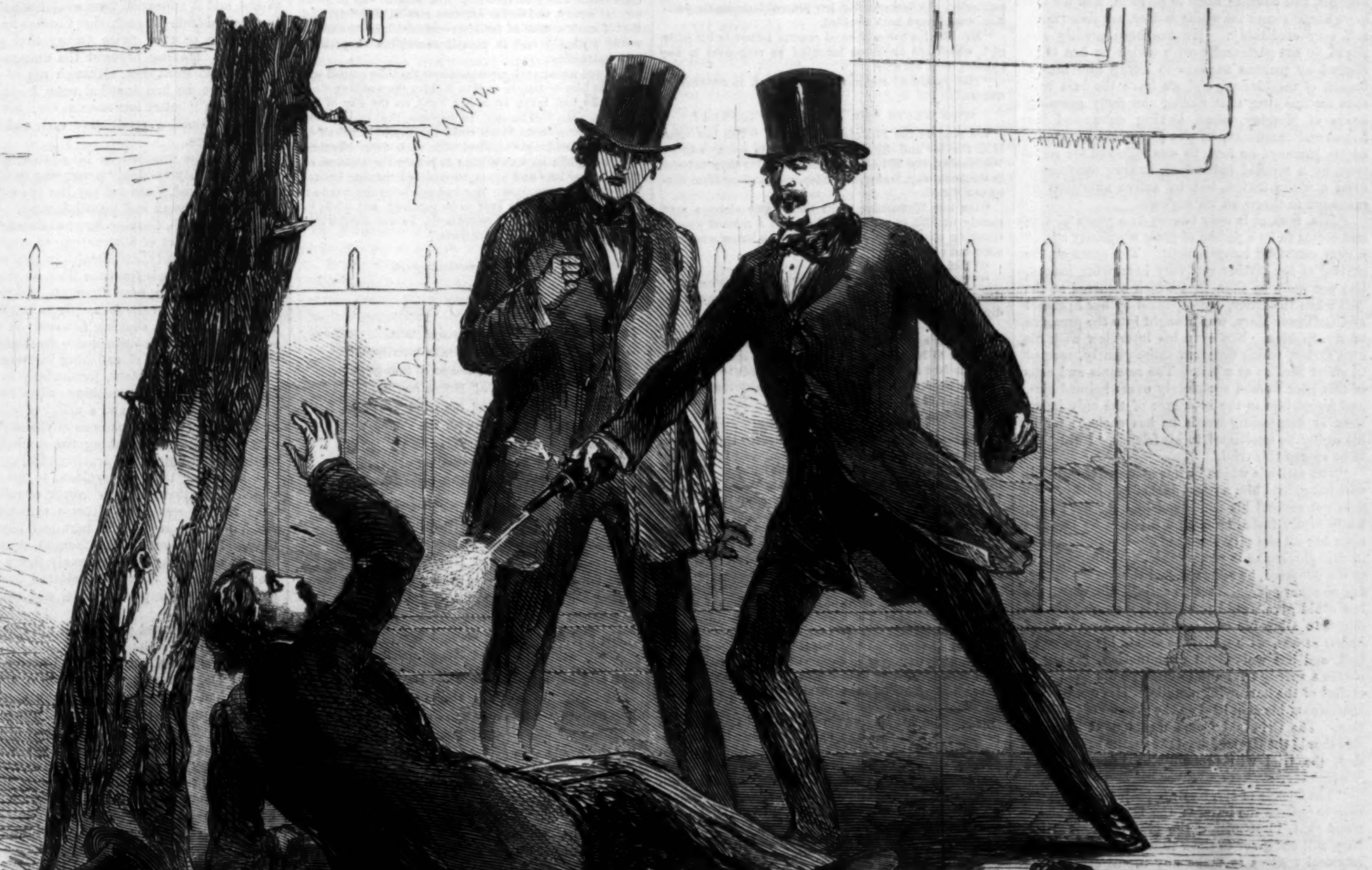
When I left Mr. S. in the hall I am satisfied he had no weapons on his person. He was without his overcoat. He said nothing to me about weapons, or the probability of encountering Mr. Key. I walked slowly down the Avenue, on the south side, to the corner, and as I was crossing the street I saw Mr. Key advance a few steps toward me. He saluted me, saying, "Good-morning, Mr. Butterworth. What a fine day we have!" I responded, and said, "Have you come from the Club?" He said, "I have." I asked, "Is Mr. Stewart in his room?" He answered, "Yes; and he is quite unwell." I then said, "I am going to see him. Good-morning," and turned to leave him. As I did so I saw Mr. Sickles, for the first time after leaving his house, coming rapidly down Sixteenth Street, on the side next the square, and then near the corner. I had walked about thirty feet on my way to the Club when I heard Mr. S. exclaim, in a loud voice, "Key, you scoundrel, you have dishonored my house—you must die!"

I turned immediately, and saw Mr. K. thrust his hand in his vest or side coat-pocket, take a step in the direction of Mr. Sickles, and simultaneously I heard the discharge of a pistol. Mr. Key then rapidly advanced on Mr. Sickles, seized him with his left hand by the collar of the coat, and seemed to make an effort to strike with something in his right hand, which I then supposed to be a weapon. Mr. Sickles backed into the middle of the street, when he succeeded in extricating himself from Mr. Key's grasp, drew a pistol from his overcoat-pocket, presented it at Mr. Key, who retreated backward up Six-



A. Mr. Sickles's House.
B. Maynard House, scene of the homicide.
C. Club-house.
D. The White House.
E, F. Treasury and State Depts.
G, H. War and Navy Departments.
I. Mrs. Madison's House.

PLAN OF LAFAYETTE SQUARE.



HOMICIDE OF P. BARTON KEY BY HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES, AT WASHINGTON, ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1859.

teenth Street toward the Club, and threw something at Mr. Sickles. Mr. Sickles followed, and when within ten feet, fired. I saw that Mr. Key was wounded. He staggered toward the sidewalk, saying, "Don't shoot me!" He leaned for a moment against a tree, when Mr. Sickles advanced upon him, exploded a cap, and then fired a third time. As Mr. Key was falling Mr. S. frequently exclaimed, "You villain, you have dishonored my house, and you must die!" He uttered these words again while standing over Mr. Key with his revolver in his hand. I took no part in the contest.

I believed them both to be armed. When I left Mr. Sickles's house I had no thought of meeting or seeing Mr. Key, my object being to visit Mr. Stewart. I had no arms with me. I did not know Mr. Sickles intended to take arms with him. He left the house after me, and without any suggestion from me came toward the Club, on the north side of the square. When Mr. Key saluted me I did not know Mr. Sickles was approaching, nor did I see him until I turned to leave Mr. Key. I did not see Mr. S. shoot Mr. Key after his fall, nor place his pistol in contact with his head or clothing. After the third fire I advanced and took Mr. Sickles's arm, and walked with him up Sixteenth Street, and advised him to go to his house or to the Attorney-General's. He did so. I returned to the scene, and picked up an opera-glass from the middle of the street, and gave it to Mr. Sickles. This is the whole of my connection with this unfortunate occurrence. It is not true that I either sought or detained Mr. Key. He first addressed me, and our interview did not last one minute. I have known the late Mr. Key, in New York and in Washington, during the last ten years, and our relations have ever been of the most friendly character. I did not anticipate a collision on the Sabbath, though I did not doubt but that it would take place at an early day.

Samuel F. Butterworth.

"By a reference to the diagram of the localities it will be seen that a signal from the Sickles residence could be easily discerned from the windows of the Club-house, with the aid of an opera-glass, such as proved to have been in the possession of the deceased.

"After his arrest and conveyal to the District jail, Mr. Sickles maintained a perfectly calm demeanor, conversing with his friends, and freely stating the particulars of the case. He had felt it to be his duty to deprive his wife of certain trinkets and of her wedding ring, but when assured that he should be protected from any appearance of a disposition to palliate her offense, he consented to give the latter to Rev. Mr. Haley, with the understanding that he might dispose of it in any way which (without injury to Mr. Sickles's legal remedy against his wife) might serve to abate her grief, which had become so violent and remorseful as to threaten her life. The connection of Mr. Haley with the matter has been that of a religious instructor, dealing entirely with the spiritual aspects of the case. At the suggestion of a friend, Mr. Haley, whose residence is very near the jail, went there to offer any facilities for providing for eating or sleeping accommodations, the prison being, probably, one of the worst constructed and most miserably arranged in the country. He was afterward employed in passing between Mr. and Mrs. Sickles during the greater part of Sunday night and the whole of Monday. His interviews with the parties were as private as circumstances would permit; but where a constant throng of people was brought into the space of a small room, some few matters were overheard, and have in this way become public. Mr. Haley has had a very difficult and delicate duty to perform, and we believe has, through the whole matter, acquitted himself very creditably. He has been greatly annoyed by the pertinacity with which he has been dogged by persons anxious to intrap him into a breach of confidence, and we have the best reasons for knowing that during the early morning hours of Monday, when, having exhausted his horses and coachman, he was compelled to continue his journeys on foot, he was followed for some time by a muffled individual, having apparently even a worse design, but by active exertions he managed to throw off his pursuer.

"Mrs. Sickles is only twenty-two years of age, and seems to be a person of great simplicity and of a very confiding temperament. The scene on the arrival of her mother was very harrowing indeed, but not more so than that which occurred at the jail when the latter, accompanied by her husband and Collector Hart, was brought into the presence of Mr. Sickles. Not even his interview with his own father, which occurred subsequently, seemed to affect Sickles so much. The screams and sobs of this poor woman completely overwhelmed him, and forced him to the utterance of the only impatient or desponding words he has spoken: for in his agony he exclaimed to his friends, 'I did hope to be spared this trial.'

"The attitude which he has assumed toward his wife has gained him a great deal of sympathy. He does not conceal his continued love for her; and, while firmly insisting upon a divorce, he bestows upon her all the pity she needs. His forbearance in this particular is remarkable. With reference to the deceased, he seems to feel that he could pursue no other course—that no satisfaction which the law could give would redress his wrong. He declined to allow his counsel to apply for a writ of *habeas corpus*, with a view to obtain his release on bail, and has waived an examination, hoping to obtain a speedy trial and to undergo but one public recital of the harrowing details. His counsel are confident of his acquittal on the ground of justification. The Criminal Court meets next Monday, and should the Grand Jury take up the case on that day, the trial will probably be brought on by Wednesday.

"The friends of Mr. Key are taking active measures to enforce the letter of the law. It is understood that, in rebutting the plea of justification, they will endeavor to show that there were certain physical reasons to make any recent criminal intercourse on the part of the deceased impossible; and to prove that the past life of Mr. Sickles has not been blameless, they are preparing testimony in New York and Washington. The President has not yet nominated a successor to the office of District Attorney, but it will very probably be offered to Mr. Olds. The funeral of Key took place on Tuesday, and there was but a small attendance. His four children remain with the family of his brother-in-law, Hon. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio.

"The President has *not* called at the jail, but sent a message of condolence to Sickles; several members of the Cabinet have been to see him. Mrs. Sickles has had but few calls from her former friends. The house on Fifteenth Street has become one of the lions of Washington. It is visited by hundreds. On Monday morning Mr. Sickles's carriage drove rapidly up, and a lady whose countenance could not be seen descended, entered the house, and after remaining a short time returned. The physical condition of Mrs. Sickles renders it quite impossible that it could have been her, so that the mystery seems to deepen. Since the homicide a shawl belonging to Mr. Key has been found in the house. Reports of Mr. Sickles's attempting suicide, or becoming deranged, are all without foundation; he is painfully aware of his sad situation, but has never manifested any sinking of courage."

In order to complete the sad but interesting history, we give the following extracts from the correspondence and reports of various journals:

THE PREVIOUS RELATIONS OF THE PARTIES.

The Washington *Star* says: "In Mr Forney's *Press* of yesterday—Mr. Forney being as intimate with Sickles and his family as Mr. Haskin or Mr. Butterworth—it is said.

"'It is but just, however, to say that the intimacy between Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles had been remarked in Washington circles for a year past, and had been the occasion of more than one disagreement in the families of the parties. During the last Congress notes passed between Mr. Key and Mr. Sickles on this subject, which were followed by a complete reconciliation, and Mr. Key visited, as usual, at the house of Mr. Sickles, having dined with him at a large party not more than ten days ago.'

"In explanation of this paragraph, we may add that it is currently stated here that ere the reconciliation referred to took place, articles of separation between Mr. Sickles and his wife on account of her intimacy with Mr. Key were actually drawn up.

THE STORY MRS. SICKLES COULD TELL.

"It is very certain that Mrs. Sickles can tell a story that will throw intense light on the killing. We have no faith in the account that the confession obtained from her was voluntarily made, because, though inexperienced and weak, she must have known that it was a death-warrant, so far as her future in life and that of her child was concerned. She can doubtless tell, too, whether her husband's conduct has or has not been such as to justify the allegation that he had a right to protect his 'marital honor' by taking the life of an unarmed man—for unless his conduct as a husband has been scrupulously correct, he can not properly plead the justification of wounded 'marital honor.' Her testimony can only be given in the trial of an accessory to the killing, if such there was. It is due to her and to the helpless and unoffending children of Philip Barton Key that her testimony be secured if possible."

MRS. SICKLES'S CONDITION.

The correspondent of the New York *Times* writes: "Mrs. Sickles is still here. She was to have left town to-day, but seems unable to tear herself away from her late happy home. She has written Mr. S. several letters, full of devoted expressions of gratitude for his uniform kindness toward her, and of heart-rending declarations of repentance for having plunged him into so much sorrow. His only fault, she avers, is that he was too kind and over-indulgent. Had he been less so, and guarded her more carefully by the exercise of a husband's authority, she declares that her present lamentable position would have been avoided.

"Mr. Sickles has addressed several letters to his little girl, which are doubtless intended as responses to the epistles from his wife.

"The published statement that Mrs. S. is *enceinte* is untrue."

WHO WROTE THE ANONYMOUS LETTER?

We read in the Philadelphia *Press*: "The last time Mrs. Sickles and Key had been at this house was on Wednesday, the 23d ult. On that occasion they entered in the back way, through an alley-way leading from Sixteenth Street.

"On this Wednesday night there came along a man closely muffled in a shawl. He asked a colored woman standing on the pavement whether the house was then occupied or not?

"'Yes, Sir,' was the response.

"'Very well; that's all I want,' the mysterious gentleman replied, and, turning around, walked away in the direction of K Street.

"He was observed, however, to hang around the neighborhood for a good part of the evening. Eventually Key was seen to leave the dwelling; and the stranger, muffling his face still closer, spoke a few words to Key, and then hurried off. It is supposed by many that he was the author of the anonymous letter."

THE TRYSTING PLACE.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes: "Having been told somewhat in detail what the arrangements for meeting were, I had the curiosity to visit the house in Fifteenth Street, which Key hired three months ago at $50 a month. Having heard it described as a poor negro hut in the fields, I was surprised to find that it was built of substantial brick, and stood directly upon the street. It is a queer building, two stories in height, narrow, with a roof slightly sloping toward the sidewalk, a small porch, and an L running back to a muddy alley.

"A wooden stable stands next door. A man, who was grooming a horse in front of it, said that he had almost every morning at nine or ten o'clock seen Mr. Key, whom he knew by sight, enter the front door of the brick house. He came generally on foot, but sometimes on horseback, hitching his iron-gray to a convenient post. Others had seen Mrs. Sickles go in at the same door rarely; but he never had. This tallies with my information from another quarter.

"It seems that Key was in the habit of signifying his presence in the house by a red ribbon hung from an upper window in the rear, which can be seen from the cross-streets. Mrs. Sickles would walk down one of these, usually K Street, which is nearest her house, and upon catching sight of the welcome signal, would dart between the negro huts, up the blind alley, along one side of which runs a path, comparatively dry, and by a back gate would reach the trysting place. Sometimes she was in her morning dress, sometimes disguised, often with her face enveloped in a close hood.

MR. KEY'S CHARACTER AND HABITS.

"According to the most trustworthy accounts, it would seem that Mr. Key was not thought to be a libertine, as has been charged, by those who knew him best. His health was such as, in their opinion, would preclude such a life. His nerves were shattered partially, it was then believed, in consequence of grief for the loss of his wife, two years since, but doubtless almost altogether by his dissipated habits. The condition to which he had been reduced forced him to give up drinking latterly. He never studied very hard, and of late relied mainly upon his natural talents for success at the bar. He was what some may call a "first-rate fellow," ready at a joke or a frolic, and an excellent story-teller. And, what would be singular, I am sorry to say, in the case of any man, and is especially singular in his case, his stories rarely if ever bordered on the obscene. My informant says that in all his intercourse he never heard him tell one of that description. He affected eccentricity in manner and costume; was uncouth in speech and rough in address purposely. He would come to dinner with a riding whip under his arm, and was sometimes seen in the street wearing top-boots and leather leggings. Notwithstanding these peculiarities he was intimate with gentlemen who stood well in our resident society, such as Mayor Berret, Mr. Clement Hill, and Mr. Ogle Taylor—whose carriage followed the hearse to-day—and was always at home in their houses. He was, in a word, a young man of fashion, who dared to be unconventional, and was able to be something else than a man about town. His talents are undoubted, but his career as District Attorney is principally marked, elsewhere than in this city, by his failure to convict in the case of the California Herbert—tried for killing a waiter—an offense, it must be owned, upon which boarders at a Washington hotel are inclined to look leniently. He was lavish of money, spent a great deal on horse-flesh, and would often hire a carriage—here, where one is so dear—to carry him a single square.

MR. KEY IN HIS COFFIN.

"I took the pains to look at the murdered man as he lay in his coffin in his own house to-day. He must have been more than six feet tall, and very well proportioned. The body was strewed with white camelias. The face was calm in expression, and still wore the sandy mustache which adorned it in life. For upward of two hours a motley crowd—boy and man, rich and poor, black and white, free and slave—poured through the parlor to take a glimpse of the corpse. Only when the clergymen took their places did the mourners—few in number, for the mother of the dead man, now more than seventy years of age, who mourns the violent death of the third of her five sons, is in Baltimore and the children are with her.

MR. KEY ON FRENCH INTRIGUE.

"The circumstances were calculated to work upon the imagination and to fire the blood of a romantic young Italian, such as Mrs. Sickles is. And Key said last summer—who, although to one intimate with him, did not then suspect him of this—that he was for 'French intrigue. A fig for common license! French intrigue and romance, with a good spice of danger in it!'

A BOY LOVER OF MRS. SICKLES.

"That the intimacy between Mrs. Sickles and Mr. Key was brought to her husband's attention a year ago is known. A Mr. B., of New York, whose name it is unnecessary to give in full, being rather a susceptible young man, last session fell violently in love with Mrs. Sickles, who was always free in manners, and flattered by devotion, as what woman is not? He soon became jealous of District-Attorney Key, and watched him. At length he found what seemed to him a sufficient basis for his suspicions. It came to his knowledge that the guilty pair were locked together in a private room in one of our hotels, I believe, for two hours He communicated this fact to Mr. Sickles, who, to his kind informant's surprise, assailed him with abusive language, and forbade him his house thenceforward. Mr. B. returned to New York, crest-fallen, and Mr. Key remained master of the field, continuing to be intimate with both man and wife, as heretofore.

THE STORY OF THE WEDDING RING.

"As much speculation has been indulged in in regard to the return by Mr. Sickles to his wife of the wedding ring, the following detail may possess interest:

"It appears that Mr Sickles was called upon by a clergyman, and informed that Mrs. Sickles was in great mental agony, and under extreme mental suffering, and that if such a state of feeling continued long to exist it would probably end in mental aberration or perhaps self-destruction.

"It was under such circumstances that the appeal was made to him to restore to Mrs. Sickles the wedding ring, which he had taken from her hand on the day of the tragedy. Mr. Sickles said, in response, that under these circumstances he could not resist the appeal in behalf of one he had so long cherished with such deep affection, and that while he was willing to return the emblem of their former love and union, he returned the ring broken—never to be reunited. She had sundered the bonds it typified too effectually ever to be repaired, and while he harbored no feelings of resentment, he was unalterably determined never to see her more."

GONE TO SEA.

There sailed a brig of a thousand tons,
Yo! Heave merrily, O!
She was pierced for the carriage of twenty guns,
Yo! Heave merrily, O!
Her pennons were set, and the wind was fair,
And the brig swept out with the ebbing tide,
And every eye of the hundreds there
Watched her sail with a swelling pride.
Yo! Heave merrily, O!

The mother has bidden her son farewell,
Yo! Heave merrily, O!
She smothers the tear as she hears them tell—
Yo! Heave merrily, O!—
That the brig is as stanch as stanch can be;
That her men are picked for a fearless crew;
And so she is standing and smiling to see
The glorious brig that seaward flew.
Yo! Heave merrily, O!

The brig has rolled in the white sea wave,
Yo! Heave terribly, O!
Her timbers are tough, and her crew are brave,
Yo! Heave terribly, O!
But the winds were sweeping the face of the deep,
While the waters gaped for the staggering craft;
And down they went to their endless sleep
While the storm above them howled and laughed.
Yo! Heave terribly, O!

What one of all that wondering crowd,
Yo! Heave terribly, O!
Who sang the song of the brig aloud,
Yo! Heave terribly, O!
Hath bidden his friend the long farewell—
The word he would speak before they died—
The day he watched the waters swell,
And the brig sweep out with the ebbing tide?
Yo! Heave terribly, O!

OUR DAGUERREIAN EXPERIMENT.

I think we had more trouble with the baby than with the others. During the ten short months of her existence her general behavior had been that of a lady, and her disposition seemed amiable and docile; and now, when great things were expected of her, she destroyed the pleasing illusion created by her previous life by conduct so unwarrantable that we were on the point of abandoning our project.

On the morning in question my wife, who had been for a number of days preparing costumes which she thought would show well on the children in a Daguerreotype, first dressed our eldest, Harry, aged six, and the second born, Carolus Magnus—so called from his immense stature for his age, which only covered four summers—and then began on the baby. A gorgeous blue dress, adorned with a wealth of embroidery and infantile ornaments of "babaric pearl and gold;" a satin-lined cloak of the same color; a diminutive plumed hat were all carefully put on by mamma, who then placed the baby on the floor for a moment to tie up the shoe of Carolus Magnus (which had a way of being always untied), when the misguided infant crawled to a tub of water, in which her brothers had just performed their ablutions, and suddenly went in, head first, with all her finery.

It was a mercy she was not drowned, or, at any rate, killed in the rescuing; for Master Harry, who first perceived her danger, dragged her from the tub by the skirts of the cloak, and landed her, in no very tender manner, on the floor, where she discharged such quantities of soap and water that I looked with some concern into the tub to see if there were any thing left; she all the while uttering, in an intermittent way, yells more nearly resembling the war-whoop than any thing generally heard in a civilized household. She was disrobed and calmed in her mother's embrace; after which she demanded nourishment and sleep, and had both, of course.

Now it must be confessed that, previous to this disaster, all had not gone smoothly that morning, particularly in regard to Carolus Magnus. Very early in the day that golden-haired youth had exhibited signs of rebellion, and a disposition to take advantage of his size and strength—a course which had the secret support of the cook, with whom he had been high in favor from his birth, and who, being under the glamour of his perfections, had at last superstitiously inclined to the belief that he belonged to her, and not to us, his proper parents. It had always been customary with this domestic to give him aid and comfort in the irregular sallies of his existence; and whenever it had been necessary to visit him with any slight punishment, she would lie in wait and bear him, sobbing, to the kitchen, where, taking him in her arms, she would wrap his head in her apron—as if to hide him from his shame—and lament over him in melancholy cadence; all of which seemed commonly very consoling to Carolus Magnus.

On this day it had occurred to Carolus that, some time about a month before, Master Harry had placed his cold feet on him, one night on going to bed, and it appeared, from evidence subsequently extorted from the cook, that Carolus had alluded to the fact once or twice during that particular morning. Having brought the unhappy subject up, it would seem that, although not of a vindictive nature, he had brooded upon it, and, on the principle of "better late than never," his thoughts finally assumed a retributive cast, and he meditated revenge.

Whether he watched for his chance, or whether the opportunity suddenly presenting itself was impulsively seized, I can not say, for the evidence of the cook was weak and unsatisfactory. But, just before their bath, Carolus Magnus detected Master Harry in the act of abstracting an apple from a barrel nearly empty, and, stealthily stealing behind him, lifted his heels from the floor, so that Master Harry tumbled in, head foremost, and was taken out, very purple in the face, only to behold the aggravating Magnus shaking his curls in wild glee at the success of his abominable treachery. After this there had been skirmishing between the two to a considerable extent, particularly at the time they were stripped for washing, when two rounds of very neat sparring, and a volley of letter-blocks and ten-pins (which broke one of the nursery windows), resulted in restoring the combatants to a state of good-humor and fraternal feeling.

I must say that the accident to the baby, by which some thirty dollars' worth of raiment had been ruined, seemed to depress mamma's spirits much more than did the harmless battle of the boys. For weeks she had thought, dreamed, and spoken of nothing but the lovely figure the baby would make in those embroidered and holiday garments, now limp with water and stained with soap.

"I think we must postpone it until next week," said she, with a sigh.

But I reminded her that I had been detailed for special Daguerreotype duty; in fact, that a day's liberty had been given me by my employers for this very purpose; that they had never familiarized their stipendiaries with this sort of thing, and it might be many a month before I should have another day given me; that we ourselves were daily losing some portion of youth, and consequently would make a better picture now than ever again—and, indeed, I was inclining to baldness, and silver was already mingling with her locks, whose golden splendor had descended to Carolus Magnus the Wicked. I told her, cheerfully, that the baby, like its mamma, would look well in any thing; and that compliment, then in its fiftieth edition, extorted from her a feeble smile—for flattery, like wine, tastes none the worse for age, especially to a woman.

So the baby was dressed in other clothes, and, with all its imperfections on its head—two contusions over the left eye, received in the rescue from drowning—started with us and her brothers for the main street of the suburban town in which we lived. We carried the infant up stairs to the studio of one of the rival Daguerreotype artists of the place, and on reaching this abode of high art, we discovered that Harry and C. Magnus, who had sedately followed us to the lower door, were missing. I found them in a confectioner's, bargaining for candy—for the cook, learning that Carolus was going down among the shops, had placed in his pocket certain moneys previously saved by him, and deposited with her for security. On the way to the artist's Carolus had revealed to Harry the existence of this treasure (six cents), and they determined to invest it, and were in loud argument as to what sort of sweets to buy when I found them and took them away.

And then it was that their unfortunate sister was suddenly overcome by a desire to sleep, and doggedly went at it, and wouldn't be awakened at all. It was useless to struggle against fate—she must be pictured sleeping.

The grouping was a work of time; for the artist, like most country Daguerreotypists, had never studied that important branch of his profession. I knew he was doing it all wrong, but was willing to descend to posterity, with my family, in the most distorted manner, provided the thing might be well got over with.

At last my wife and I were seated side by side—she with the baby slumbering in her arms, and Harry kneeling stiffly at her feet—Carolus Magnus was then placed in my lap, the usual instrument of torture was thrust into our heads, to keep us perfectly erect and unwavering, and we were all sternly commanded to gaze fixedly at vacancy; then the man looked at us through the camera, to be sure we were all right before he let on the sun, when Carolus the Great, under the fear that the artist was taking aim, and was about to shoot him, wriggled himself out of my lap, crawled abjectly to his mother's feat, and, groveling on the floor, lifted up his voice and wept. He was pacified, and led up to the apparatus to see that its nature partook more of the spy-glass than the cannon, and he was then coaxed back to my knee. But he was greatly excited, anxiously watching the operation, and exhibiting signs of sudden and extreme affection for his mother, and a desire to climb over the baby into her arms, falsely thinking he was safer there than with me.

The man now seized his chance and "took us." As he was going into a dark closet with the plate, I whispered to him that, however bad the picture might prove, it was mine at his own price, and that I peremptorily refused to sit, or permit my wife or offspring to sit for another that morning.

I placed the Daguerreotype in my pocket, with the remark that it was satisfactory, gayly putting my wife off with the promise that she should see it when we reached home, and then, putting myself at the head of the column, started. How well they all behaved going home!

As for the picture—which now hangs in a retired spot in an upper chamber, and which I always malignantly point at whenever my wife suggests the propriety of again obtaining the portraits of the children—it is one of the most curious specimens of one of the most curious branches of art. To say nothing of the despairing object I make on the plate, the mother of my babies, wearied by the efforts and difficulties of the day, looks as if impressed with the thought of fulfilling a painful duty—a thought which should be buried in the heart, and never glare sternly from the countenance. The mercurial Carolus Magnus, who, when leaning from my embrace toward his mother, had left vague indications of his features on half the surface of the picture, had, in a moment of partial quietude, been depicted, in an indefinite way, just in front of the baby—who, consequently, does not appear at all, or so blended and mixed with her brother, that she, or rather both together, resemble some horrid dream or phantasm rather than the issue of Christian parents.

From the first note of preparation until we again arrived at the domestic fireside it was six hours. The result, in my opinion, did not justify so great an expenditure of time; and, despite all entreaties, I have ever since, with more than Pagan firmness, stoutly refused to sit to the sun again.

A WATERING-PLACE HUSBAND.

It was on a fine morning, in the middle of September, in rather a second-rate hotel at Leamington, that a sociable enough party had been assembled for three weeks. It had become known about a week before, that two gentlemen had arrived—young gentlemen, for they were both certainly under thirty-five—and one of them had at once proceeded to throw out, in an easy, indifferent manner, hints as to the condition and intentions of the other. The friends were Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Thompson. The former, in spite of his aristocratic name, seemed to have no condition or intentions of his own. He was simply Mr. Thompson's friend; he belonged to that class who neither have nor desire a position, and who enjoy life all the more that they do not seek to make any permanent appropriation of its component parts—birds of passage, who descend to peck here and there any sort of morsel, and who live a sort of cuckoo-life without any nest of their own. He had the easy, assured air of the race of which he was an accomplished specimen. Mr. Thompson, on the contrary, was stiff, formal, and silent. You could not call him awkward, but he had the air of a man on his good behavior, and as if an explosion might take place if he should at any time forget his lesson. He committed no overt act that could be called ungentlemanly, and yet you would have demurred to calling him a gentleman. He was rather tall and stout; regular enough features, a red-and-white complexion, a sort of nervous twitching of the eyes, and dark, strong, curly hair. His tailor had fitted him so tightly, that he seemed a prisoner in his own clothes; for instead of being a subsidiary affair, the clothing was the most important part of the man—as if Mr. Thompson had entered into a signed and sealed compact with his tailor not to dishonor the work of his hands. To puff the wearer into a state of equality with these exquisite habiliments was the special mission of Mr. Fortescue—a mission he fulfilled to perfection. Nothing was overdone; he only said enough to invite inquiry, and to set the whole table into a frenzy of curiosity. If a person of importance were named, he would say: "I don't know him, but I believe my friend Thompson does," without appealing to him, although he was close by. He would begin to say something about his friend Thompson's house or possessions, and then slide off to another subject in a careless, dreamy way. If the party stopped in their rambles to look at a plant, he said: "It's the same, I think, Thompson, you have in your—" then drop his voice, so that the last words were inaudible. One young lady declared it was "garden at Kensington," while another was quite sure it was "at Camden Town." Thus gently and warily hoisted into notice, and covered with a delicate vail of mystery, it was surprising how well Mr. Thompson enacted the small part that remained for him. From the hands of his tailor he had passed into those of Mr. Fortescue, who served him up with derivations to the assembled guests, who again perfected him according to the usual system of favorable prepossessions. His stiffness was dignity, his awkwardness modesty. His silence showed reflection, the nervous twitching of the eye indicated a quick sensibility, a slightly provincial accent gave him an additional interest, it sounded so foreign. Not but that there still remained some smouldering embers of doubt and distrust—they were only embers, however, and easily quenched. Why did Mr. Thompson never say any thing about Mr Fortescue? Fortescue was decidedly an aristocratic name, and Thompson as decidedly plebeian. Yet Mr. Fortescue never spoke of his connections, nor of high people in general but with some reference to Mr. Thompson. Mr. Thompson had come from London for a wife, and nothing was further from his thoughts than falling in love. What's love to a city man, or he to love, whose vocation in life is to buy and to sell and to get gain? Mr. Thompson may have heard—we know not whether from the poet or the anatomist—that men have hearts, but was ignorant of the precise position of his own, till it was suddenly pierced by a dart from the eyes of a charming little fairy. She was one of those provokingly attractive creatures who can not choose but make foils of the rest of their sex. She had that exquisite, easy grace which defies at once description and imitation. She was grave and gay, humorous and pathetic. Any dress became her, every situation suited her. The songs she declared she could not sing, or had forgotten, went off as well as the last practiced one. The men writhed under her charms, and the women, except a very few, acknowledged their power. It was a great treat to see Mr. Thompson in love: were we to attempt to describe it, we could only ask our readers to fancy the few signs of independent existence he formerly emitted either totally suspended, or diverging into convulsive and grotesque forms. How he lashed himself up into a sufficiently demonstrative state to propose to her will remain forever a mystery She made no revelation. The tradition ran, however, that in his desperation he did ask her three several times, and that it was only after the last refusal he found himself the accepted lover of Laura Crompton, the second of three daughters of a small proprietor in an adjoining county—a fine girl of the second water. The fun was all over then—there was to be no more perplexity or excitement. Mr. Thompson had come for a wife, and having supplied himself, he must retire and leave an open field. The very next day the whole family of Crompton departed, and with them Mr. Thompson. What became of Mr. Fortescue it is not for us to divulge, doubtless he went to pursue his friendly art elsewhere.

It was soon announced that the wedding was to take place in a fortnight, for watering-place attachments are plants of hot-house growth, forced on by high-pressure flues, and brook not long exposure to the free outward air of heaven; and thus it came to pass that on a sunny morning in October, in the parish church of S——, "this man and this woman" performed the last act of their masquerade by kneeling before God's high altar, and swearing to love each other till death did them part.

A short honey-fortnight was spent in dawdling through the country on the way to London, for Mr. Thompson's business in the city could brook no further absence of its chief, and had he not already been gone five weeks? On a cold, clear, starlight night in October, Laura arrived at her future home; and a most pleasant one it turned out to be, with its blazing fires and bright new furniture, among which were many tasteful articles, pleasant to the eye, and suited to the tastes and occupations of woman. Mr. Thompson left early in the morning for the city, and did not return till late in the evening to dinner. When it began to dawn on Laura that she was really uprooted from the parent soil, when she began to try to realize the condition into which she had been whirled, thoughts of inquiry also naturally arose in her mind. Where were Mr. Thompson's relatives? Why had none of them been to see her? Where even was that truest of friends, Mr. Fortescue? When she would have given audible vent to those inquiries, Mr. Thompson always evaded them; she did not wish to be too curious, but glossed the matter over to herself; when she pressed him too nearly, she drew from him such a sad account of removals to a better world, and to remote parts of this one, that she was quite sorry she had so wounded his feelings. Laura was in no want of society, for her own friends and relatives were always welcomed by her husband; they might remain for days or weeks, it was all the more agreeable to him. One day she began to inquire into the precise nature of his business, but he interrupted her by some trifling remark in an embarrassed tone, and with an increased twitching of the eyes. Thus ended her first attempt; and the second, for which he was evidently prepared, only elicited that it was a sort of commerce she could not understand, even were he to explain it. In what street? was her next question. He stammered out a name of which she had never heard; but then there were so many streets in the city, this was no wonder. So all passed off, and time flowed on again in a quiet current. It was about three months after the wedding, and Laura had not only little to complain of, but she had materials for happiness, and was happy, and might have continued so, but for her perverse and womanly weakness for knowing "all about it." She was seized with such an uncontrollable fit of curiosity that she resolved to be mistress of her husband's secret. She would follow him into the city; she would see the place where he carried on his business; and if no outward sign emitted its nature she could mark the spot for future and wary inquiry; nay, what would hinder her, unknown as she must be, to learn the truth from some one on the spot? Her resolution was taken.

The very next morning, after talking gayly with her husband, and bidding him good-by when he set out for the city, she hurried on her shawl and bonnet, adding a thick vail, and in an instant was on the road in secure sight of the poor unconscious Mr. Thompson. What if he should call a cab, or jump into an omnibus? She knew he sometimes rode, but most frequently walked. What if he should stop to speak to some friend or acquaintances? She must then tack about, which would be awkward; but nothing is observed in London, and then Mr. Thompson had no friends or acquaintances. For a time he walked at an easy, moderate rate, which gave no trouble to his partner; but as he approached the city he so quickened his pace that poor Laura was ready to sink with fatigue. Heated and flurried, she sometimes lost sight of him, and then would make a rush forward, till she found herself almost touching him. When he got to the most crowded parts of the Strand he sometimes slackened his pace, then quickened it, casting stealthy glances around him, which made Laura draw back and double her vail. At length, on coming to the corner of one of the many streets branching off from the Strand, Mr. Thompson suddenly darted into it, and disappeared within a door that seemed to have been open to receive him; then instantly closed again, after the manner of doors in a pantomime. Overstrained by the hot pursuit, the tension of mind caused by her frenzy of curiosity, and the fear of being discovered in such a discreditable situation, Laura would have sunk to the ground had she not leaned for support against the wall of a house nearly opposite. There she stood, in a sort of blank stupor, for ten minutes, it might be twenty, when the door at which Mr. Thompson had entered slowly opened, and three male figures came forth. One of them, though altered and shabby-looking, she instantly recognized as Mr. Fortescue, the kind Leamington friend, who had so successfully puffed Mr. Thompson up to the pitch matrimonial. The second her eyes fell on she had never seen before, she felt sure. These two supported between them a wretched figure maimed and blind. He seemed to have no legs, or at least she saw nothing under the knees. The arms hung so loose it seemed a doubtful case whether the necessary friction in giving support might not cause a total rupture. She was about to examine what, at the distance, appeared to be a scar or mark of some kind on the pale face, when the face itself— Oh, horror! No, it could not be! Laura gasped for breath—her brain reeled—she turned away her eyes as if she could turn away the truth; for all other signs of identity might have deceived her; but the strange nervous twitching of the eyes, evidently produced by simulating blindness, revealed the awful fact! It was her husband! Mr. Thompson was a beggar!

PARISIAN-ECHOES.

"HAIR OF THE SAME DOG."

When the supremacy of one of the two great schools of medicine, Allopathy and Homeopathy, shall be acknowledged we are not yet able to determine; but certain it is that, until that climacteric of squabbling is reached, the unfailing sneer of the allopathists will be directed at the infinitesimal character of the doses administered by the disciples of the great Hahnemann.

The last joke of the sort we give as it comes to us from Paris:

A rich financier, a dignitary of the Bourse, being lately troubled with a very severe cold in the head, called in a homeopathic physician, who, for all treatment, made his patient inhale the odor from a vial which was almost as imperceptible to the eye as its exhalations were to the nose.

But for more than a week our banker's "gold in the 'ead" obstinately withstood this inappreciable treatment; his *m*'s he continued to pronounce like *b*'s, his *n*'s were transformed into *l*'s, and his whole alphabet was in a most aggravating state of disorder. At last, when the patient's patience had ceased to be a virtue, he asked the doctor, after saluting him with the customary and catarrhal "Good-bordig," the amount of his indebtedness. The disciple of Hahnemann demanded five hundred francs. The banker, who was a man of wit as well as riches, drew out a bank-bill of that amount, quickly passed it under the doctor's nose, and then put it back in his pocket-book again, saying, as he did so,

"I pay your bill as you have treated my cold—with a smell of the remedy; you have no right to be more satisfied than I am cured."

And that was the end of it, though we may be permitted to doubt that even this vial treatment merited such an un-*fee*-ling return.

COMPOSED COMPOSITORS.

The secrets of the printing-office are no longer in danger of being bruited about should the plan adopted by a German philanthropist (of which we find an interesting account in the columns of a late French journal) be more generally put into practice.

M. Theodore Helgerad, of the town of Zablagen, in Würtemberg, a man who has taken a deep interest in the condition of the deaf mutes of his own country, after much deliberation fixed upon a plan by which he could secure to them a lucrative occupation—viz., as compositors in a printing-office. He at once began to put his idea into execution; and now employs in his new establishment, in his native town, one hundred and sixty printers, eleven of whom are females. All of these are deaf and dumb, and have learned of M. Helgerad himself, or at his expense, the trade of compositors, at which they acquit themselves marvelously well. The Government has thought this benevolent and even venturesome attempt (the effect of which is to procure work and bread for a whole class of unfortunates) deserving of recompense and encouragement; and the King has sent to the director of this new and strictly silent printing-house a large gold medal as a mark of the royal appreciation.

PREMATURE MANHOOD.

On this topic our favorite French philosopher, Alphonse Karr, has the following suggestivity, which we translate:

"Adolescence is a word which formerly signified the spring-time of life—a spring full of odorous and beautiful flowers. It is now a word which will soon fall into disuse, since the thing which it denoted no longer exists. The youth of the present day have thought to show their maturity by being no longer young. They have made a fatal mistake. There are no fruits which have not been preceded by flowers; if you shake the tree to make the flowers fall in spring it will bring forth no fruit in the autumn."

A HINT TO REVOLUTIONISTS.

The cap of Liberty needs but the addition of a few bells to make it the cap of Folly.

WATCHFUL ECONOMY.

A singular plan for the considerable limiting of the *rouge et noir* temptations that assail the traveler at the various spas and baths of Germany has been imagined by a young Parisian, the hero of the following remarkable story:

A young tourist, designated by the letter X—that unknown quantity which so conveniently stands for the hero of every French story—was last summer, as usual, traveling in Germany. His voyaging desires were, also as usual, circumscribed by the provinces on the Rhine—a country where the green cloth of the gaming-tables is only equaled in extent of surface by the verdure of the fields.

Now the flesh of Monsieur X is weak to the temptations of *roulette*. For him the green board has irresistible attractions; and often has he been a sufferer from his unfortunate "couldn't-help-itness." In the last tour that he made in this same country he was stripped of every available resource by a continued run of ill-luck, and then experienced, in all its bitterness, the painful situation of a traveler who suddenly finds himself penniless in a foreign country. On that occasion he had been compelled to abridge his intended journey, and wait until the funds were sent him from Paris to expedite his premature return thither. The thought of again getting into such a plight was not pleasant to contemplate; but how to avoid the snares set for him at every stopping-place was a problem difficult to resolve.

At last Monsieur X hit upon a plan. It was this:

To carry him through his summer vacation he had accumulated between three and four thousand francs—a sum which might easily disappear before the croupier's rake in a single sitting at the green board, were the whole amount in his possession at once.

The essentiality, then, was to so place "the needful" that it could not be at his easy disposal. M. X accordingly reserved but a few Louis for his expenses, and with the remainder of his fund bought *eighteen gold watches!*

So, instead of carrying the customary gold or bank-bills, he this time starts off upon his journey with a dozen and a half of chronometers safely packed away in his trunk!

When the few Louis which he had allowed himself at starting are spent or lost at play, he sells a watch, pays his hotel-bill, and tranquilly continues his journey. At the next green board of his encountering he plays until he has lost the money remaining to him from the sale of his first watch, then sells another, packs his trunk, and is off, and so on and so forth.

These commercial operations serve as clogs to his extravagance, since they take time in the execution, leave him leisure to reflect, and effectually prevent him from losing all his money at once.

To be sure the proceeds arising from the sale of his watches do not quite equal the original investment, but this slight depreciation is nothing compared to the enormous sums that might otherwise be swallowed up at each turn of Fortune's wheel.

Then to sell a watch is not a very agreeable piece of business to a man of the world, and it is always one at which he is in some measure ashamed. This makes him particular as to his losses, and hence more prudent and economical.

Again, he can not sell several watches in the same place, without fear of its appearing singular or exciting suspicion; so that he is obliged to abstain from a long sojourn in the dangerous localities.

This necessity for the frequent changing of his quarters, yet fractional expenditure of his funds, enables him to complete his summer tour without pecuniary catastrophe. Thus, in spite of cards and dice, his journey lasts—in its continuance of watch-selling—as long as he had in the beginning intended.

To travelers "troubled that way" the expedient may be worth remembering.

THE INQUISITION'S GALA DAY.

In examining a rich library at Seville, in Spain, the word INQUISICION on the back of a little dried-up, colorless, cracked duodecimo, with the date, sixteen hundred and eighty, Amsterdam, on the title-page, attracted my eye. I opened it, and found it was a collection of narratives of Inquisition imprisonments in Seville, written by one Serafin de Carcel, who escaped from Cadiz to Holland, after having been condemned and punished for heresy.

I took out my note-book and wrote down a few facts from this rare and curious book; from which, by the aid of memory, I have since put together the following narrative of the Inquisition ceremonials with all their horrid semblance of religion and mercy:

Carcel was a goldsmith in the Serf's Street, Seville, and was arrested on the second of April, sixteen hundred and eighty, at ten o'clock in the evening, as he was finishing a gold necklace for one of the maids of honor. A week after his first arrest Carcel was examined. In an ante-room, says he (I give it, as far as I can remember, in his own plain touching way), a smith frees me of my irons, and I pass from the ante-chamber to the Inquisitor's table, as the small inner room is called. It is hung with blue and citron-colored taffety. At one end, between the two grated windows, is a gigantic crucifix, and on the central estrade (a table fifteen feet long surrounded by arm-chairs), with his back to the crucifix, sits the secretary, on my right Francis Delgado Genados, the Grand Inquisitor, who is a secular priest. The other Inquisitors had just left; but the ink was still wet in their quills, and I saw, on papers before their chairs, some names marked with red ink. I am seated on a low stool opposite the secretary. The Inquisitor asks my name and profession, and why I come there, exhorting me to confess as the only means of quickly regaining my liberty. He hears me; but, when I fling myself weeping at his knees, he says coolly there is no hurry about my case; that he has more pressing business than mine waiting (the secretary smiles), and rings a little silver bell which stands beside him on the black cloth, for the alcaid; who leads me off down a long gallery where my chest is brought in, and an inventory taken by the secretary. They cut my hair off and strip me of every thing, even to my ring and gold buttons; but they leave me my beads, my handkerchief, and some money I had fortunately sewn in my garters. I am then led bareheaded into a cell, and left to think and despair till evening, when they bring me supper.

The prisoners are seldom put together. Silence perpetual and strict is maintained in all the cells. If any prisoner moans, complains, or even prays too loud, the jailers who watch the corridors night and day warn him through the grating. If the offense is repeated, they storm in and load him with blows to intimidate the other prisoners, who, in the deep grave-like silence, hear your every cry and every blow.

Once every two months the Inquisitor, accompanied by his secretary and interpreter, visits the prisoners, and asks them if their food is brought them at regular hours, or if they have any complaint to make against the jailers. But this is only a parade of justice; for, if a prisoner makes complaints, these are treated as mere ravings and fancies, and never attended to.

But these severities are trifles in comparison to the tortures some of my fellow-sufferers were put to, because their crime of heresy could not be proved without their own confession.

The water torture consisted in passing water down the wretch's throat till he almost burst, and then fastening him in a sort of vice and suspending him on a pole that almost broke his spine.

In the fire torture they lit a very fierce flame; then larded the prisoner's naked feet and held them for nearly an hour toward the flames, till he invented lies that pleased them, or confessed truths that inculpated himself.

In the rope torture they tie the man to a horizontal rope by his hands, which are tied behind his back; they then raise him in the air, and suddenly let him fall with a jolt that dislocates half his joints and makes him utter torturing cries. The only persons present at these butchery scenes are the stolid Inquisitors and the bishop, the grand vicar, or his deputy. There are never more than two lurid torches, which show the executioners, who are clothed in black robes and black hoods that hide all the face but have holes for eyes, nose, and mouth. They strip the prisoner to his waistband; and, if he faint, the doctor of the Inquisition comes in to pronounce how much more suffering the tortured man can bear.

If all this fails, and soul and body are both of steel, the Inquisitors try snares. They put apostates into the bruised man's cell, who comfort him and complain of the Inquisition as one of the greatest scourges with which God ever allowed man to be inflicted. The Inquisitors, too, profess to be touched with their sufferings, to wish their conversion rather than their hurt, and to pray them to make even the slightest confession, which is to be kept an inviolable secret, and will restore them to instant liberty.

One Saturday, when, after my meagre prison dinner, I gave my linen, as usual, to the jailers to send to the wash, they would not take it, and a great, cold breath whispers at my heart—to-morrow is the Auto-da-Fé. Immediately after the vespers at the cathedral they rang for matins—which they never do but on the rejoicing eve of a great feast—and I knew that my horrid suspicions were right. Was I glad at my escape from this living tomb, or was I paralyzed by fear, at the pile, perhaps, already hewn and stacked for my wretched body? I know not. I was torn in pieces by the devils that rack the brains of unhappy men. I refused my next meal; but, contrary to their wont, they pressed it more than usual. Was it to give me strength to bear my torture? Do God's eyes not reach to the prisons of the Inquisition?

I was just falling into a sickly, fitful sleep, worn out with conjecturing, when, about eleven o'clock, the great bolts of my cell ground and jolted back, and a party of jailers in black—in a flood of light, so that they looked like demons on the borders of heaven—came in. The alcaid threw down by my pallet a heap of clothes, told me to put them on, and hold myself ready for a second summons. I had no tongue to answer as they lighted my lamp, left me, and locked the door behind them. Such a trembling seized me for half an hour that I could not rise and look at the clothes, which seemed to me shrouds and winding-sheets. I rose at last, threw myself down before the black cross I had smeared with charcoal on the wall, and committed myself, as a miserable sinner, into God's hands. I then put on the dress, which consisted of a tunic with long, loose sleeves, and hose drawers; all of black serge, striped with white.

At two o'clock in the morning the wretches came and led me into a long gallery, where nearly two hundred men—drafted from their various cells, all dressed in black—stood in a long silent line against the wall of the long, plain, cold vaulted corridor; where, over every two dozen heads, swung a huge brass lamp. We stood silent as a funeral-train. The women, also in black, were in a neighboring gallery, far out of our sight. By sad glimpses down a neighboring dormitory I could see more men dressed in black, who, from time to time, paced backward and forward. These, I afterward found, were men doomed also to be burned, not for murder—no, but for having a creed unlike that of the Jesuits. Whether I was to be burned or not I did not know; but I took courage, because my dress was like that of the rest, and the monsters could not dare to put two hundred men at once into one fire, though they did hate all who love doll-idols and lying miracles.

Presently, as we waited sad and silent, jailers came round and handed us each a long yellow taper and a yellow scapular or tabard, crossed behind and before with red crosses of Saint Andrew. These were the Sanbenitos that Jews, Turks, sorcerers, witches, heathen, or perverts from the Roman Catholic Church are compelled to wear. Next came the gradation of our ranks. Those who had relapsed, or who were obstinate, during their accusations, wore the Sambarra, which is gray, with a man's head burning on red fagots painted at the bottom, and all round, reversed flames, and winged and armed black devils horrible to behold. I, and seventy others, wore these; and I lost all hope. My blood turned to ice. I could scarcely keep myself from swooning. After this distribution they brought us, with hard, mechanical regularity, pasteboard conical mitres (carrochas) painted with flames and devils, with the words SORCERER and HERETIC written round the rim. Our feet were all bare; the condemned men, pale as death, now began to weep, and keep their faces covered with their hands, round which the beads were twisted. God only—by speaking from heaven—could save them. A rough, hard voice now told us we might sit on the ground till our next orders came. The old men and the boys smiled as they eagerly sat down; for this small relief came to them with the refreshment of a pleasure.

At four o'clock they brought us bread and figs, which some dropped by their sides and others languidly ate. I refused mine, but a guard prayed me to put it in my pocket, for I may yet have need of it. It was as if an angel had comforted me. At five o'clock, at daybreak, it was a ghastly sight to see shame, fear, grief, despair written on our pale, livid faces. Yet not one but felt an undercurrent of joy at the prospect of any release, even by death.

Suddenly, as we look at each other with ghastly eyes, the great bell of the Giralda began to boom, with a funeral knell, long and slow. It was the signal of the Gala Day of the Holy Office. It was the signal for the people to come to the show. We were filed out one by one. As I passed the gallery in the great hall I saw the Inquisitor, solemn and stern, in his black robes, throned at the gate. Beneath him was his secretary, with a list of the citizens of Seville in his wiry, twitching fingers. The room was full of the anxious, frightened burghers; who, as their names were called, and a prisoner passed through, moved to his trembling side to serve as his godfather in the Act of Faith. The honest men shuddered as they took their place in the horrid death procession; the time-serving men smiled at the Inquisitor, and bustled forward. This was thought an honorable office, and was sought after by hypocrites and suspected men afraid of the Church's sword.

The procession commenced with the Dominicans, whose founder instituted the Inquisition. Before them flaunted the banner of the order, representing in glistening embroidery that burns in the sun and shines like a mirror, the frocked saint, holding a threatening sword in one hand, and in the other an olive-branch, with the motto Justice and Mercy. God of love, what a mockery of thy attributes! Behind the banner came the prisoners, in their yellow scapulars, holding their lighted torches; their feet bleeding with the stones, and their less frightened godfathers, gay in cloak, and sword, and ruff, tripping along by their side, holding their plumed hats in their hands. The street and windows were crowded with careless eyes. Children were held up to execrate us as we passed to our torturing death. The auto-da-fé was always a holiday sight to the craftsmen and apprentices: it drew more than even a bull-fight, because of the touch of tragedy about it. Our procession, like a long black snake, wound on, with its banners and crosses, its shaven monks and mitred barefooted prisoners, through street after street, heralded by soldiers who ran before to clear a way for us—to stop mules, displace fruit-stalls and street performers and their laughing audiences. We at last reached the Church of all the Saints, where, tired, dusty, bleeding, and faint, we were to hear mass.

The church had a grave-vault aspect, and was dreadful as a charnel-house. The great altar was vailed in black, and was lit with six silver candles, whose flames shone like yellow stars, with clear twinkle, and a soft halo round each black, fire-tipped wick. On each side of the altar—that seemed to bar out God and his mercy from us, and to wrap the very sun in a grave-cloak—were two thrones, one for the Grand Inquisitor and his counsel, another for the King and his court. The one was filled with sexton-like lawyers; the other with jeweled and feathered men.

In front of the great altar, and near the door—where the blessed daylight shines with hope and joy, but not for us—is another altar, on which six gilded and illuminated missals laid open; those books of the Gospels, too, in which I had once read such texts as—God is love; Forgive as ye would be forgiven; Faith, hope, charity: these three, but the greatest of these is charity. Near this lesser altar the executive monks had raised a balustraded gallery with bare benches, on which sat the criminals in their yellow and flame-striped tabards, with their godfathers. The doomed ones came last; the more innocent first. Those who entered the black-hung church first, passing up nearest to the altar, sat there, either praying, or in a frightened trance of horrid expectancy. The trembling living corpses wearing the yellow and red mitres, came last, preceded by a gigantic crucifix, the face turned FROM them.

Immediately following these poor mitred men came servitors of the Inquisition, carrying four human effigies fastened to long staves, and four chests containing the bones of those men who had died in the claws of the Inquisition before the fire could be got ready. The coffers were painted with flames and demons, and the effigies wore the dreadful mitre and the crimson and yellow shirt all a-flame with typical paint. The effigies sometimes represented men tried for heresy since their death, and whose estates had since been confiscated and their effigies doomed to be burned, as a warning for no one within their reach to differ in opinion with the Inquisition.

Every prisoner being now in his place—godfathers, torchmen, pikemen, musketeers, inquisitors, and flaunting court—the Provincial of the Augustins mounted the pulpit, followed by his ministrant, and preached a stormy, denouncing, exulting sermon, half an hour long (it seemed a month of anguish), in which his "burning eloquence" compared the Church to Noah's ark; but with this difference, that those animals who entered it before the deluge came out of it unaltered, while the blessed Inquisition had, by God's blessing, the power of changing those its walls once had shut on, turning out—meek as the lambs he saw around him; so tranquil and devout—those who had once been cruel as wolves, and savage and daring as lions.

This cruel, mocking sermon over, two readers mounted the pulpit to shout the list of the names of the condemned, their crimes (now, for the first time, known to them), and their sentences. We grew all ears, and trembled as each name was read.

As each name was called the alcaid led out the owner of it from his pen to the middle of the gallery opposite the pulpit, where he remained standing, taper in hand; after the sentence, he was led to the altar, where he had to put his hand on one of the missals, and to remain there on his knees.

At the end of each sentence the reader stopped to pronounce in a loud, angry voice a full confession of faith, which he exhorted us (the guilty) to join in with heart and voice. Then we all returned to our places. My offense, I found, was having spoken bitterly of the Inquisition, and called a crucifix a mere bit of cut ivory. I was, therefore, declared excommunicated, my goods confiscated to the King, and I was banished Spain, and condemned to the Havana galleys for five years, with the following penances: I must renounce all friendship with heretics and suspected persons; I must, for three years, confess and communicate three times a month; I must recite five times a day, for three years, the Pater and Ave Maria in honor of the Five Wounds; I must hear mass and sermon every Sunday and feast-day; and, above all, I must guard carefully the secret of all I had said, heard, or seen in the holy office (which oath, as the reader will observe, I have carefully kept).

The sentence once read, and the worst known, even the condemned seemed happier; and every one fell to eating the figs and bread he had no appetite for in the morning; for we were all worn out with our long fast.

The Inquisitor then quitted his seat, resumed his robes, and, followed by twenty priests, each with a staff in his hand, he passed into the middle of the church; and, with divers prayers, some of us were relieved from excommunication, each of us receiving a buffet from a priest. Once, such an insult would have sent the blood in a rush to my head, and I had died but I had given a return blow; now, so weak and broken-spirited was I, I broke into tears.

All this time the fussy, frightened citizen who served as my godfather had not dared even to give me a pinch of snuff or to answer any of my anxious questions; now my sentence was commuted, he bowed, chatted, and handed me his snuff-box, which I refused with contempt and indignation. But he only shrugged his shoulders and stammered an apology.

Now, one by one, the condemned, faint and staggering, were brought in to hear their sentence, which they did with a frightened vacancy inconceivably touching. A devil would have shed tears to see them; but the Inquisitors were gossiping among themselves and scarcely looked at them, so surfeited were these priests with their enemies' blood.

Every sentence ended with the same cold, mechanical formula: That the holy office, being unhappily unable to pardon the prisoners, on account of their relapse and impenitence, found itself obliged to punish them with all the rigor of earthly law, and therefore delivered them with regret to the hands of secular justice, praying it to use clemency and mercy toward the wretched men; saving their souls by the punishment of their bodies, and recommending death, but not the effusion of blood. Hypocrites!

At the word blood the justice hangmen stepped forward and took possession of their bodies; the alcaid first striking each of them on the chest to show that they were now abandoned to the rope and fire.

A month before this auto-da-fé the ministers of the Inquisition, preceded by their banner, gorgeous and luminous with sacred symbols, had gone in cavalcade from the Palace of the Holy Office to the Cathedral Square and proclaimed the ceremony with drums, trumpets, and clashing of brass, to the great crowd that thronged to hear the good news.

Our present auto-da-fé was to celebrate the king's marriage, and was to be followed by great bull fights. They had erected in the square a great theatre, fifty feet long, raised to a level with the king's balcony. All round ran an amphitheatre of thirty steps, for the Council of the Inquisition and the king's ministers. Above these, and higher than the king's seat, was the Grand Inquisitor's place, under a gilt and crimson dais. On the left of the theatre was a second amphitheatre, where the criminals sat and trembled. The fire shone on their pale faces. In the midst was a smaller scaffold, with two cages, for more penned-up criminals to hear their sentences in. There were in front of this three special chairs for the preachers and readers of the sentences; and near these chairs was a temporary altar hung with black.

The king had the queen on his left hand, and the queen's mother on his right. The court ladies filled the rest of the balcony, which, with their flowers and dresses, seemed as if heaped with nosegays. There were also separate seats for the embassadors, the city judges, and the people.

The procession consisted of, first, one hundred charcoal men, armed with pike and musket, and laden with billets of wood; then the Dominicans carrying a white cross; then the Duke of Medina Cœli, bearing, as is the hereditary privilege of his family, the great red damask banner of the Inquisition, which has on one side the arms of Spain, on the other a naked sword thrust through a laurel crown. Next came a green cross muffled in black, followed by nobles and familiars of the Inquisition dressed in robes, adorned with white and black crosses, edged with gold. The train was closed by fifty halberdiers, or Guards of the Inquisition, clad in white and black, and commanded by the hereditary Protector of the Inquisition in the Archbishopric of Seville.

The standard and cross were fixed above the royal seat, and the Dominicans, who had been all night singing hymns and thirsting for our blood, drew up in line, as the king and ladies at that moment appeared in the balconies, in a blaze of color and splendor, like a sun-burst.

This was at eight o'clock. The charcoal-burners were placed on the left of the king's box, the guard on the right. The great pasteboard effigies were placed prominently at one end of the amphitheatre. Next filed in, sad and slow, the hundred men condemned to the fire; cords round their necks, the three-feet high flame-colored mitres on their heads; their feet bare; the torches shaking in their trembling hands.

Next, each led between two familiars, came the commuted; and, last of all, the innocent. Some of the condemned had gags in their mouths, to prevent any outburst of blasphemy, and they were each of them surrounded by four or five friars, holding crucifixes to their eyes, and exhorting them, angrily and noisily, to repent.

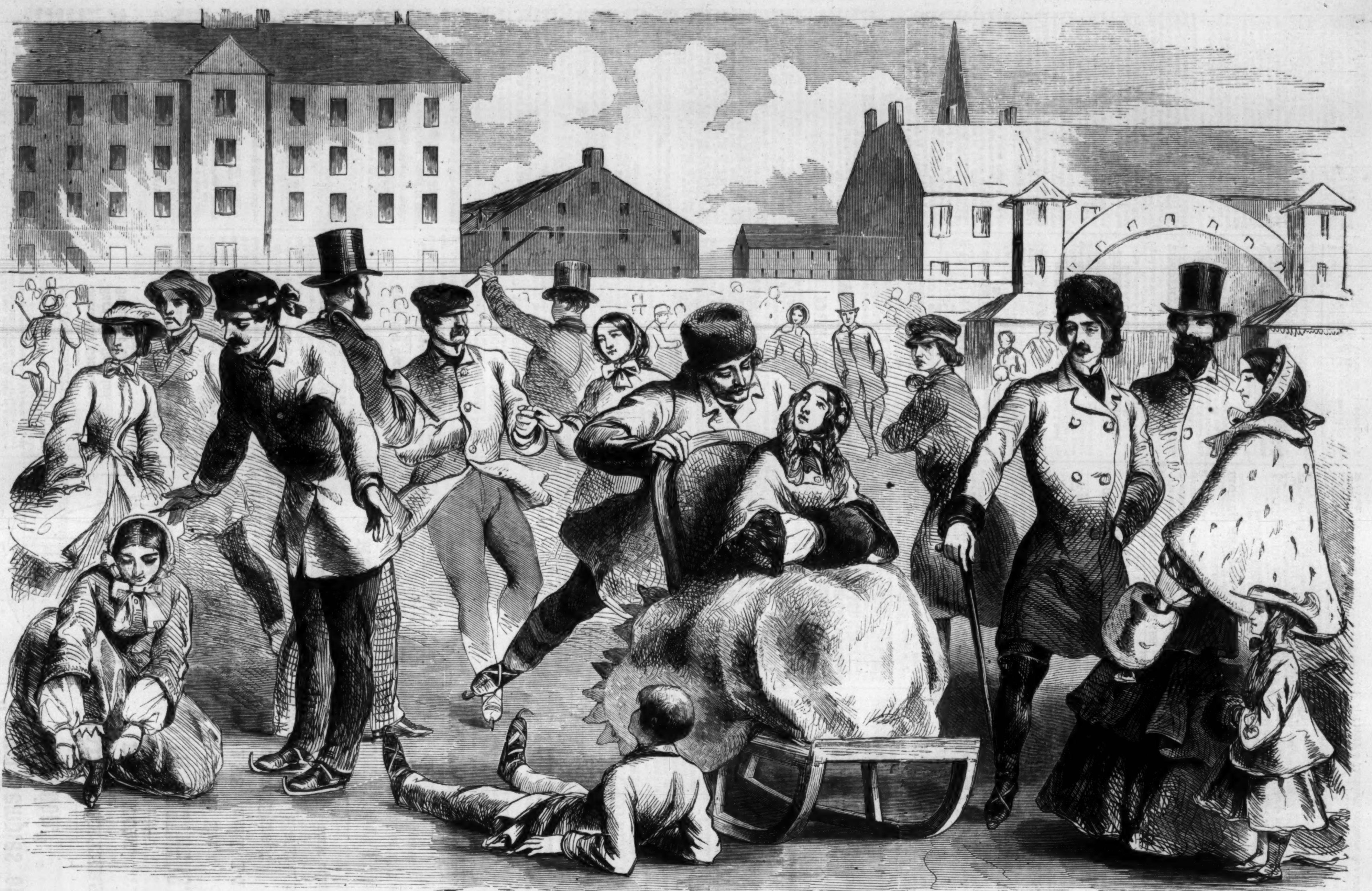
Having passed under the king's balcony, and then round the amphitheatre, they were placed on the left hand of the amphitheatre between the familiars and the priests, who exhorted them continually to repent.

Next arrived the banner of the parish of Saint Sebastian, the Inquisition Council, the Inquisitors, the Qualifiers, and a long procession of secular and religious dignitaries, who placed themselves on the right side of the theatre, surrounding the Grand Inquisitor's chair. Last of all came the Grand Inquisitor, robed in violet, attended by the President of the Council of Castile; and when he (the arch-devil) took his seat, the President bowed and retired.

Then mass was again said, and the priest, leaving the altar, sat down; upon which the Inquisitor, putting on pontifical robes and mitre, bowed first to the altar, and then to the king; and, ascending the steps of the throne, a servitor bearing the cross, read aloud the oath by which the King of Spain had bound himself to protect at all hazards, even to the loss of his kingdom, the Catholic Faith, to extirpate heresy, and to support the Inquisition. Then the king, taking off his hat (the great sword held unsheathed by a chamberlain at his left side), swore to observe the oath.

The Inquisitor unrobed and resumed his place, while the same oath was administered to all present. Next, there was a sermon by a Dominican, praising the Inquisition, and denouncing heresy, and the procession moved toward the piles, now dry, piled and stacked with wood billets and fagots.

A few horrid moments of riveting collars, blankets: a twist or two of the garotte for the least guilty: a struggle here and there, with a demoniac yell, soon stifled by cruel hands and driving blows. The fires were lit. Now the excitement in the boxes got greater and greater. The fans agitated in black waves; the silk dresses too, waved like flowery meadows in the March winds. But no pity; not a tear. The flame raged with cruel leaps and mounts; it drove up in great quivering pyramids that the wind now and then drifted out in horizontal banners, showing black bodies, black burning stakes, and thin hands clasped together in prayer. Higher and higher mounted the great twisted columns of smoke; now turning to roaring and racing masses of living fire, furiously, wrathfully, and gluttonously hungering for victims.



SKATING AT BOSTON.—[See next Page.]

SKATING AT BOSTON.

THE engraving on the preceding page is made from a sketch kindly sent us by a correspondent residing at Boston. The Bostonians are better skaters, as a rule, than New Yorkers; living in a climate which enables them to enjoy the sport much oftener and longer than we do. We are told that every body in good society skates in Boston; that it is quite common to see Mr. Everett performing "the outer edge," and Mr. Emerson making "a figure of eight." If this be so, we can only say we should like to be there to see.

THINGS WISE OR OTHERWISE.

A well-known gentleman of Winchester, in the State of Virginia, is in the habit of relating an amusing anecdote on the great love that the Americans have for naval and military titles. Crossing the Potomac into Virginia, with his horse, in a ferry-boat, the ferryman said:

"Major, I wish you would lead your horse a little forward."

He immediately did, observing to the man:

"I am not a major, and you need not call me one."

To this the ferryman replied:

"Well, Kurnel, I ax your pardon, and I'll not call you so no more."

Having arrived at the landing-place, he led his horse out of the boat, and said:

"My good friend, I am a very plain man; I am neither a colonel nor a major—I have no title at all, and I don't like them. How much have I to pay you?"

The ferryman looked at him, and said:

"You are the first white man I ever crossed this ferry with that warn't jist nobody at all, and I swar I'll not charge you nothing."

1st. Choose the path of virtue, and imitate a high pattern.

2d. Do all the good in thy power, and let every action be useful.

3d. Cultivate thy mind carefully—it will be a store of pleasing reflection.

4th. Be diligent in thy business, and strictly upright in thy dealings.

5th. Investigate affairs closely, and engage in them cautiously.

6th. Lay thy plans with prudence, and be prepared for emergencies.

7th. In all difficulties be patient, and overcome them by perseverance.

8th. Do that first, always, which needs doing most.

9th. Have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

10th. In all things be economical without meanness, and combine utility with elegance.

At a recent fire in Fall River two Irish laborers, who had behaved gallantly in attempting to subdue the flames, were caught in a dangerous predicament: one gable of the house fell in, and that under which they were standing tottered over them.

The younger attempted to fly from the spot, but was overtaken by the burning ruin, and very seriously injured. The other, seeing an open door in the base of the wall, darted through it, and emerged unhurt on the other side. His employer, next day, commenting on his escape, said he should return thanks to Providence for his preservation.

"Och! thin," said Dermot, scratching his head very slowly, "shure, I do be thankful to Providence, and think it was very marciful to me; *but, Sir, wasn't I mighty cute myself?*"

A correspondent writes: "In your notice of Jacob Little you omit this anecdote, which I consider an addition to his biography:

"Jacob was moving round in his office, when a celebrated divine entered, with the remark that it pleased him to add Jacob to his flock, he having married one of his parishioners. After a few words the Dominie, who was in the habit of borrowing of his parishioners, and was considerable of a financier, remarked that he was short, and wished to borrow five hundred dollars. Jacob said it gave him pleasure to accommodate him for that or a larger amount, having capital unemployed that day. The Doctor said he would, then, prefer one thousand, to which Jacob assented; and, turning, said, 'Brother Edward, look over the Doctor's securities, and if satisfactory to thee, give him a check for a thousand dollars.' The Doctor *had forgotten* to bring them; and Jacob only lent outsiders on security in hand."

In Texas courts the method of charging juries is for the Judge to give written instructions such as will, in his opinion, meet the various points in the case. In some instances, however, the *instructions* fail to perform their functions in as lucid and satisfactory a manner as could be desired. The following copy of a recent charge from one of our main pillars of justice *explains itself*, or at least explains why it is sent to the *Weekly:*

M'CLUSKY'S, ADMR.
vs.
W. W. HOWARD.

If the jury believe, from the evidence, that T. Clow, the plaintiff, had any property in Texas, and R. W. M'Clusky sold that to William Odam, and took a note to himself, and traded that note to W. W. Howard, and got a note of his own, and W. W. Howard paid that note in land, or something else; and R. W. M'Clusky died, and nobody knows where the land or other property is; and M'Clusky being dead, and Clow having administered on his estate is on both sides of the suit; then the jury may find out how to make out their own verdict; for the court, if it understands the case, and it thinks it does, does not know how such a case ought to be decided.

A young attorney, with a huge bundle of papers in hand, appeared for the first time in Judge J.'s court in St. Louis to make the annual settlement of some estate. Handing the papers to the judge, he very modestly explained his business to him. His honor examined the papers, and then shoving them angrily aside, and looking the young hopeful almost through, exclaimed,

"Sir, do you take me for a fool?"

"Well," replied the lawyer, "this is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing your honor, and therefore I can not say from my own knowledge whether you are a fool or not."

His honor was somewhat taken aback by being thus bearded, and so said, in milder tone, "Do you take the Legislature of the State of Missouri for fools then, Sir?"

"Well, as to that," was the rejoinder, "I know nothing personally about any of them, your honor; but, from what I can see and hear, I am disposed to believe them not a whit wiser than they ought to be, and perhaps, your honor, that is your case, too." The old judge had met his match, was vanquished, and yielded meekly as a lamb to his victor.

Neighbor Derne was a very fine old gentleman, but rather too fond of the "social" glass. One night himself and a few of his friends rode down on horseback to one of their "neighbors" who lived a mile or two off. In the course of the evening the proprietor brought up some good liquor and set it on the table, where it was free to all. All the "friends" took a little, but neighbor Derne took a "little" too much. In the course of time they were all ready to go home, and went out to get on their horses. All got on but neighbor Derne, who, when he was getting on, slipped off the other side. One of the company asked him if he was "not on yet?" "Yes," replied neighbor Derne, "*I am on, and more too!*"

A French doctor has discovered a new mode of disposing of injured limbs—instead of cutting them off he pulls them out at the socket. He has invented a machine for this purpose, and the operation is said to be *painless.* Who wants to try the machine?

Every man in China must pay up his debts at the beginning of the year, and also at the time of a religious festival about the middle of the year. If unable to pay at these times, his business stops until his debts are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIAL.

BOSTON, July 19, 1857.

☞ MESSRS. J. BURNETT & CO.—I can not refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocoaine).

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.
For sale by dealers generally, at 50 cents a bottle.

MESSRS. RUDD & CARLETON
ANNOUNCE
TO THE BOOK TRADE

That they this week remove their place of business to the large brown freestone store, No. 130 Grand Street, corner of Broadway, known as

"BROOK'S BUILDING,"

where more convenient and capacious accommodations, on the first floor, facilitate their keeping on hand a full supply, not only of their own publications, but a complete stock of every thing in the department of literature.

Special arrangements with the principal American Publishing Houses, and buying in large quantities, enable them to sell always at PUBLISHER'S PRICES.

Booksellers throughout the country will find that all orders will be promptly and economically attended to.

Extra inducements are offered to Public and Private Libraries, to whom liberal inducements will be made.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

List of our

Recent Publications.

MILES STANDISH. Illustrated. 4to.	$6 00
AFTERNOON OF UNMARRIED LIFE	1 00
BABIE BELL. By T. B. Aldrich	75
BUCKLAND'S CURIOSITIES	1 25

The New Novels.

SOUTHWOLD. By Lillie Devereux Umsted	1 00
ERIC; Or, LITTLE BY LITTLE	1 00
ETHEL'S LOVE-LIFE. By Mrs. Sweat	1 00
VERNON GROVE. By Mrs. C. H. Glover	1 00

These Books are sold by all Booksellers, and will be sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price, by

RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers and Booksellers,
No. 130 Grand Street, corner Broadway, N. Y.

DUPUY'S
NEW PERFUMES.

"The Mount Vernon Bouquet."
"The Perfect Gem."
"The Washington Nosegay."
"The Kiss-me-Quick."

Essences of Fragrant Flowers, 40 Varieties.
Perfume Sacs, Pomades, and Toilet Soaps.
EUGENE DUPUY, Chemist, 609 Broadway.

FOUR STERLING AND
SUCCESSFUL BOOKS,
PUBLISHED BY
C. SCRIBNER, Broadway, cor. Grand Street, New York.

DUST AND FOAM;
OR, TWO CONTINENTS AND THREE OCEANS.

Being Wanderings in Mexico, S. America, Sandwich Islands, China, East and West Indies, Australia, Polynesia, &c. By T. R. WARREN. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

Extract from a Recent Letter from the late Wm. H. Prescott, Esq.

"I can express heartily the pleasure that I have received from its charming and spirited pages. The style is free and natural, and the descriptions of scenery glow with the bright coloring of the tropics. I particularly admired the imperturbable good nature which carries you through all your difficulties and perils."

Also, just ready, the 4th Edition of

PEASANT LIFE IN GERMANY.

By ANNA C. JOHNSON. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

The London *Literary Gazette* says: "It is a clever book. We give the authoress the highest credit for having written an excellent and sterling work."

15th Edition of

TIMOTHY TITCOMB'S LETTERS
TO THE YOUNG, SINGLE, AND MARRIED.
1 vol. 12mo, $1 00; in extra gilt, $1 50.

"Timothy Titcomb knows how to blend humor with seriousness, wit with pathos, the counsels of wisdom and morality with the innocent pleasantries of life. We trust that ten times ten thousand will enjoy the book."
—*N. Y. Independent.*

6th Edition of

BITTER-SWEET.

A POEM. By TIMOTHY TITCOMB. 1 vol. 12mo, 75 cents.

EPES SARGENT says: "I know of no long poem of American origin that I can place before it. In saying this I do not forget the productions of Longfellow, so deservedly popular."

☞ These books sent by Mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

PIANO FORTES, MELODEONS, AND HARMONIUMS of first-classs makers at the lowest terms.
J. M. PELTON
841 and 843 Broadway, N. Y.

BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRT EMPORIUM,
409 Broadway,
Premium Shirt Manufacturers.

Shirts made to order from Scientific Measures, of the best materials, sewed by hand, and warranted to fit, at less than the usual prices.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 409 Broadway, N. Y.

Genin's Hat Store,
Removed to
507 BROADWAY,
adjoining
GENIN'S BAZAAR.

FRED. S. COZZENS,
WINE MERCHANT,

Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest qualities of his own importation.

RARE OLD BRANDIES,
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA WINES,
from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.
73 WARREN STREET,
(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

U. STATES JUVENILE WAREHOUSE,
503 Broadway, by the St. Nicholas Hotel.

S. CHAMBERS has removed to the above establishment, where Ladies' and Children's Clothing of the Newest Styles and best material and workmanship are always on hand.

"Time saved is money gained."

Booksellers' and Newsvenders' Agency.

ROSS & TOUSEY

Would respectfully invite the attention of BOOKSELLERS, Dealers in Cheap Publications and Periodicals, to their unequaled facilities for packing and forwarding every thing in their line to all parts of the Union, *with the utmost promptitude and dispatch.* All goods packed with the utmost care, and forwarded, in all instances, by the *very earliest conveyance* following the receipt of the orders, sending by special arrangement with Passenger Trains. Dealers will find it convenient to have all their Orders packed at this Establishment, particularly with regard to Newspapers and Periodicals. Small parcels from the Trade, back numbers of Serials, and single numbers of Books, &c., also procured, promptly packed, and forwarded, with Papers and Magazines—thus saving time and extra expense. *Orders solicited.*

ROSS & TOUSEY,
No. 121 Nassau Street, N. Y.

☞ Refer to the principal Booksellers and Publishers of New York and Boston.

CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER is published weekly in the City of New York, under the editorial charge of the Rev. A. A. Livermore, assisted by the most eminent writers of the Unitarian denomination. It is designed to be fresh, fearless, and reverent; a Family Religious Newspaper of liberal thought, and the most advanced Christian tone. Terms—Delivered by carrier, $2 50; by mail, $2 per annum. Address

CHRISTIAN INQUIRER, 111 Broadway, N. Y.

It is full of life, learning, and liberality.—*Sunday School Gazette.*

The independence and vigorous earnestness with which it discusses the religious questions of the times, make it a powerful auxiliary to those who are striving for the attainment of a vital piety. Its selections are eminently judicious, and those who are so fortunate as to be numbered among its patrons have presented to them, in its well-filled pages, the gems of thought uttered by the most eloquent and profound religious thinkers of the age. It is invaluable as a family visitor.—*Boston Transcript.*

The courteous and able organ of the Unitarian denomination in this city.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A model paper.—*Boston Journal.*

One of the ablest religious newspapers published in America.—*Yonkers Herald.*

The ably-conducted organ of our Unitarian fellow-Christians.—*Montreal Herald.*

One of the ablest Unitarian Journals in the country.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

WM. ROWE, JR.
CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS,
CHEAP, FOR CASH.
No. 287 Hudson Street, near Spring,
New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The new FAMILY SEWING MACHINES at $50 and $75 are attracting universal attention. In all essential good qualities they are much the best Machines ever offered at a low price.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

LIGHTE, NEWTON & BRADBURY'S
PIANO FORTES,
281 and 283 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
HENRY H. HOOPER, JR., Agent.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

HEAD QUARTERS
OF
BON TON.

SMITH BROTHERS,
The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140
Fulton Street,
Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, JR.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.
NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

ODE TO STRANGERS.

Those mansions of marble, oh say if thou knowest,
O'er which the gay standard of FASHION'S unfurled,
Where the welcome is warm, and the prices are lowest,
And the CLOTHES are the CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
If not—fly at once! To SMITH BROTHERS betake you,
They best can assist you to bear out your plan;
For they either *have got or will speedily make you,*
The BEST SUIT OF CLOTHES EVER SEEN UPON MAN!

All Freights Forwarded with the Greatest Speed.
BY THE
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.'S
LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave our Hudson Street Depot at 6.45 and 11.15 A.M.; 3.15, 4.30, and 5.10 P.M.

Freights forwarded on Express Passenger trains, and do not lie over or stop at any point.

The regular time by the Fast Run is

To Chicago	in 40 hours	To Dayton	in 30 hours
" Cincinnati	" 36 "	" St. Louis	" 2½ days
" Cleveland	" 24 "	" Louisville	" 2 "
" Columbus	" 32 "	" Indianapolis	in 34 hours

And OTHER WESTERN TOWNS in like good time.

Goods for points on Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers, Kansas, &c., will save time by shipping by our line.

Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND

COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

PATENTED FEB. 19, 1856; OCT. 28, 1856; DEC. 8 1857; JAN. 12, 1858.
NOVEMBER 16, 1858.

For sale only by the manufacturers,
O'CONNER & COLLENDER, 51 and 53 Ann Street,
And the patentee,
MICHAEL PHELAN,
786 and 788 Broadway, New York.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING,
ARE ONLY published by
J. E. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington Street, Boston.

Who forward them, post paid (with full and special directions how to paint), to any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.

Dealers and Teachers supplied.

"MASSER'S"
Patent 5 Minute Freezers.

OPERATION SIMPLE. RESULT CERTAIN.

The increasing demand and the unrivaled popularity of "Masser's" Ice-Cream Freezers prove them to be the best Ice-Cream Freezer in use.

Purchasers and Dealers are cautioned against imitation Freezers that are offered in place of the above. Get "H. B. MASSERS" Freezers, that have been thoroughly tested for the last five years.

Sole Agents,
E. KETCHAM & CO.,
Manufacturers of Japanned and Planished Tin Ware,
289 Pearl Street, New York.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER,
IN A NOTICE OF
THE METHODIST,

says:

"Not to Methodists only, but to all religious readers, these two volumes will prove vastly entertaining. They are full of striking incidents, some of them tender, some exciting, some amusing, all of them readable. The scenes are chiefly laid in the midst of Methodism, and will therefore be more familiar to readers of that communion, but they will be eagerly surveyed by thousands besides."

THE METHODIST.

By MIRIAM FLETCHER, with an introduction by the Rev. W. P. Strickland. 2 vols. 12mo. Price $2.

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers, New York.

The Copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the name and firm of A. S. Barnes & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

A. S. BARNES,
H. L. BURR,
S. A. ROLLO.

New York, *Feb.* 1st, 1859.

S. A. Rollo, having retired from the late firm of A. S. Barnes & Co., will continue the PUBLISHING, BOOKSELLING, and STATIONERY BUSINESS, at **No. 29 Park Row** (*opposite the Astor House*), under the name and style of

S. A. ROLLO & CO.

New York, *Feb.* 1st, 1859.

The subscribers, having newly fitted the store No. 29 Park Row, are now prepared to offer the trade and buyers generally, a large, fresh, and well-selected stock of School, Classical, Theological, Medical, Standard, and Miscellaneous Books and Stationery, Blank Books of every kind and quality, Letter and Cap Papers in large variety, English and American Staple Stationery, &c., &c.

Every inducement, so far as regards prices, styles, qualities and quantities, will be offered to first-class buyers, either for cash or credit.

S. A. ROLLO & Co.,
Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers,
No. 29 Park Row (*opposite the Astor House*),
New York.

ONE HUNDRED COMIC SONGS.
Music and Words. Price Fifty Cents.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S
PATENT
TOURNURE CORSET.

This article combines in one garment a CORSET of SUPERIOR SHAPE and FINISH, and a BUSTLE of PERFECT MODEL, insuring free and healthful action to the lungs, and comfortable support to the spine. It has been pronounced by all who have seen it (among whom are several eminent members of the Medical Faculty), to be *the only Corset without an objection*, either artistic or physiological. No lady can well do without it.

D. & S. still manufacture their well-known

EXPANSION SKIRT.

Also the celebrated

MATINEE SKIRT,

which for COMFORT and ELEGANCE is unsurpassed, together with over seventy other different styles, all of which are for sale at all the principal stores in the United States and Canadas. All articles of their manufacture

ARE STAMPED WITH THEIR TRADE MARK.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Office 505 Broadway, New York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.
W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 25 Nassau Street.

Persons desirous of making purchases in New York of any articles, large or small, of use or luxury, from a Book to a Steam-Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at 5 per cent. commission charge. Refers to G. L. Sampson, Esq., Cashier Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jewett & Sons, Hastings, Plimpton & Co., New York; J. D. Dameron & Co., New Orleans.

WANTED!

AGENTS EVERY WHERE, to sell the *best* Books. Active, industrious young men having but a small capital can in this very pleasant business realize a profit of from Three to Five Dollars a day.

Our Publications are adapted to the wants of every family, and are of the highest moral and intellectual character. For full particulars address

LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,
No. 224 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

"THAT STANDARD MEDICINAL ARTICLE, the *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam*, prepared by the well-known druggists, Messrs. *Reed, Cutler & Co.*, of this city, is, we have good authority for stating, one of the best remedies for *Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Complaints*, ever offered to the public. *It has stood the best of all tests, time*, and has sustained its reputation for more than THIRTY YEARS.

Physicians of the highest respectability prescribe it, and *thousands of families* keep it on hand as *a standard family medicine*.—Boston Journal.

Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME,

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, *Boston*. Price, large, $1; small, 50 cents.

BARNES & PARK, Agents, New York.

"HARD TIMES NO MORE."

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable bussiness, by which from $5 to $10 *per day can be realized*. For particulars address (with stamp), W. R. ACTON & CO., 41 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Facts Stranger than Fiction.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE IN THE METROPOLIS is now ready, and is going like wildfire.

For proof of the remarkable incidents contained in the book, see the New York Evening Post of the 3d inst.

Price One Dollar.

THATCHER & HUTCHINSON,
No. 523 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel.

Unity Fire Insurance Company of London.

(Incorporated under the Act of Parliament, 7 and 8 Victoria, Cap. CX.)

United States Branch, 58 Wall Street. New York.

Authorized Capital, Two Millions Sterling, or **$10,000,000 00.**

Available Assets, $4 520 951 16.

Statement of New York Branch,
For Thirteen Months, ending 31st December, 1858.

Gross amount of Premiums		$100,625 10
Losses, Taxes and Expenses, Commissions and Re-insurances paid	$56,837 77	
Surplus in hand		43,787 33
Less subject to Liabilities	1,054 25	
Deposit Fund in the hands of Trustees		150,500 00

GEORGE ADLARD,
Manager and General Agent for the United States.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The immense increase in the demand for these admirable Machines—it has trebled within four months—indicates the reviving prosperity of the country. The prices of our Machines have been greatly reduced.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

HOWE'S PATENT ELLIPTIC SPRING BED is, without doubt, the most perfect and deserving article ever brought before the public. *It is within the reach of all*, and, as a matter of economy, to say nothing of its luxury, must be universally adopted. The cost is from 5 to 6 dollars. For sale by all first class dealers, or may be obtained direct from the company.

Address

GEO. F. GRAY, Sec'y,
Elliptic Bed Spring Co.,
378 Broadway, N. Y.

Send for Circular.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BRUSHES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 329 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1849, for superior Brushes.

JOHN K. HOPPEL.

BUCKLAND'S CURIOSITIES
OF
NATURAL HISTORY.

12mo, Muslin. Illustrated. Price $1 25.

We are glad to get hold of a copy of this book. The notices of it in the English Reviews had prepared us to find it one of the most interesting works on Natural History yet published, and we have not been disappointed. The author, the son of the late celebrated geologist, Dr. Buckland, is a close observer, and gives the results of his observations in a lively, popular style.—*Portland Transcript.*

Sent by Mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price.

RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
130 Grand Street (near Broadway), N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—The Original and Genuine Article. Infinitely superior to all others. Pleasant to the taste, composed of purely Vegetable Extracts, and may be taken all Seasons with perfect safety.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

BULWER'S NOVEL—COMPLETE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?
By Pisistratus Caxton.
A Novel.
By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.,
Author of
"My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c.

8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

*** Harper & Brothers will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

[*From the Troy Budget.*]

The Siege of Corinth.

It is said that one of the former political divisions of this State took its name from two famous lines in this poem—namely—

"The foes that he singly kept at bay,
Outnumbered his thin hairs of *Silver Grey*."

We can not vouch for the truth of this, but *we do know* that, under the effects of applications of Heimstreet's famous Hair Restorative, "Silver Greys" rapidly become (in appearance at least) members of "Young America."

Price fifty cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.

W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprieters, Troy, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PICTURE.
A Crayon of the
MADONNA DELLA SCALA.

From the Great Painting by Correggio, on tinted paper, similar to our copies of "Beatrice Cenci" and "Evangeline," so admired.

Same price as these, $1 00. Sent, on receipt of price, post-paid, by the Publishers,

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

They are also for sale by all Print and Booksellers.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just issued their Special Trade List to Dealers for the Spring Sales, with the *additional Discount*.

Early orders solicited.

FITS! FITS!! FITS!!!—The Number of cures performed by Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract is truly astonishing. Epileptic Fits, Neuralgia, Convulsions, and Nervous Debility, are immediately relieved, and eventually cured, by this truly valuable medicine. Price $3 single packages, or four packages, for $10. Sent by express to any part of the U. S. Address CHANDLER & BAYLES, 64 Walker Street, New York, General Agents for the U. S.

A PRIZE FOR EVERYBODY!
WHO SUBSCRIBES FOR THE
NEW YORK WEEKLY PRESS.

It is one of the best literary papers of the day. A large Quarto containing TWENTY PAGES or SIXTY COLUMNS, of entertaining matter; and ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED every week.

A GIFT WORTH FROM 50 CENTS TO $1000 00 WILL BE SENT TO EACH SUBSCRIBER ON RECEIPT OF THE SUBSCRIPTION MONEY.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE:

One copy for one year, and 1 gift	$2 00.
Three copies one year, and 3 gifts	5 00.
Five copies one year, and 5 gifts	8 00.
Ten copies one year, and 10 gifts	15 00.
Twenty-one copies one year, and 21 gifts	30 00.

The articles to be distributed are comprised in the following list:—

1	United States Treasury Note	$1000 00
2	do. do. do. do.	500 00 each.
5	do. do. do. do.	200 00 each.
10	do. do. do. do.	100 00 each.
10	Patent Lever Hunting Cas'd Watches	100 00 each.
20	Gold Watches	75 00 each.
50	do.	60 00 each.
100	do.	50 00 each.
300	Ladies Gold Watches	35 00 each.
200	Silver Hunting Cased Watches	30 00 each.
500	Silver Watches	$15 00 to 25 00 each.
1000	Gold Guard, Vest, & Fob Chains	10 00 to 30 00 each.
1000	Gold Pens and Pencils	5 00 to 15 00 each.

Gold Lockets, Bracelets, Brooches, Ear Drops, Breast Pins, Cuff Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Rings, Shirt Studs, Watch Keys, Gold and Silver Thimbles, and a variety of other articles, worth from 50 cents to $15 00 each.

On receipt of the subscription money, the subscriber's name will be entered upon our books and the gift forwarded within one week to him, *by mail or express, post paid.*

☞ All communications must be addressed to

DANIEL ADEE, Publisher,
211 Centre Street, New York.

THE LIVING AGE,

Having largely increased in circulation the past year, the Publishers are enabled to append the new and attractive feature of a series of

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC PORTRAITS,

engraved on steel, each of which will be accompanied by a

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR,

thus furnishing to its readers not only the *cream of the best Periodical Literature of the World*, but also a complete

ILLUSTRATED GALLERY OF FAMOUS CHARACTERS.

Terms—Single numbers, 13 cents; Yearly subscription, $6—prepaid to any address. Subscriptions for a less period, if desired. Special terms to clergymen, teachers, and clubs.

DELISSER & PROCTOR, No. 508 Broadway,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who have been induced to buy Sewing Machines which will not perform the work that purchasers expected them to do, are informed that Singer's Machines never fail to do any kind of work. No one is ever disappointed in these machines.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway.

THE MISSIONARY IN MADAGASCAR.

Now ready, with Map and Illustrations from Photographs. 8vo, uniform with Livingstone's Travels. Muslin, Price $2 50.

THREE VISITS TO MADAGASCAR,

During the Years 1853—1854—1856. Including a Journey to the Capital. With Notices of the Natural History of the Country, and of the Present Civilization of the People. By Rev. William Ellis, F.H.S., Author of "Polynesian Researches."

The questions opened out by this book are of such public interest at present that we can not err in predicting for it a success scarcely second to Dr. Livingstone's "Journal." We commend our readers, architectural, botanical, political, or theological, to this excellent book. —*Athenæum.*

A work abounding in matter of extraordinary interest, and which, as a book of travel in an unknown land, must be considered second only in importance to that of Livingstone. Like this last-named personage, Ellis happily unites in himself the missionary, the man of science, and the accurate observer of social phenomena—quite the person, we should think, for spreading, with a knowledge of the Gospel, the ordinary arrangements of European civilization.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Interesting throughout.—*Literary Gazette.*

For deeply affecting accounts of the simple piety and heroic fortitude of many of the Christians when exposed to slavery, torture, and death, we must refer our readers to the volume itself. We feel assured that there are few of our readers who take any interest in human progress, or the spread of Christianity in the world, who will not make themselves acquainted with the contents of this excellent volume.—*Illustrated London News.*

A volume replete with interest, and illustrated by many highly characteristic engravings taken from photographs. Mr. Ellis has produced decidedly the best and most instructive work as yet published on the subject of Madagascar and its all but unknown inhabitants.—*The Press* (London.)

Few men were better qualified for this visit to Madagascar than Mr. Ellis.—*The Spectator* (London.)

"Mr. Ellis is a zealous missionary—an active, intelligent, resolute, handy, observant, and well-informed man—and a lively, interesting, and unaffected writer. In this handsome volume he gives us a very minute account of three several visits which he paid within the last five years to the little known but very remarkable island of Madagascar. He took with him a camera, and his book is illustrated by a number of portraits and views of scenery of whose accuracy we are assured by their having been photographed on the spot. Mr. Ellis was accustomed to keep a journal, in which he noted down every evening the events of the day; and that journal, transmitted to England in the form of letters, furnished the materials for the present volume. It is a readable book. It takes us into untrodden fields; and its style is characterized by truthfulness, simplicity, and a pleasing but perfectly unobtrusive earnestness."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $2 50.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"B. F. Williams's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potassium" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Tetter, Ringworm, Blotches on the Face, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Leucorrhœa, and like afflictions—cures Rheumatism. I have now the control of this preparation, and putting it up in handsome style. Physicians prescribe it because they are shown the recipe.

Natchez, Miss. WM. H. FOX.

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON'S
New Skirts for 1859.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE
DOUBLE EXTENSION SKIRT,
WITH PATENT EYELET FASTENINGS,
Made without Sewing.

Universally pronounced "the most perfect Skirt ever made."

THE GOSSAMER EXPANSION,
The lightest and most graceful Skirt ever produced.

THE PICCOLOMINI!

By means of clasps—this beautiful and economical garment can be taken to pieces, washed, and put together again at pleasure.

All the above have Thomsons' celebrated patent Watch Spring Bustle, and are stamped with our name and trade mark (the crown).

ALSO,
NELSON'S SKIRT SUPPORTERS,
By far the best Skirt Supporter yet invented.

For sale by the principal retailers every where.

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON,
233 Broadway, New York.

Alice Learmont—38 Cents.

By the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX."

A HERO,
BREAD UPON THE WATERS,
ALICE LEARMONT.

Tales by Miss MULOCH.
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c.

Complete in one vol. 12mo, Muslin, price 50 cents; Paper Covers, 38 cents. New Edition. (Originally published in 1853.)

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

*** Harper & Brothers will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of Fifty Cents.

☞ Every Number of Harper's Magazine contains from 20 to 50 pages—and from one third to one half—more reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
FOR MARCH.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of Harper's Magazine now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other periodical of the day.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine have its literary and artistic resources been more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the Periodical for the past as the best guarantee for its future claims upon the patronage of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

Harper's Weekly and Harper's Magazine, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "Harper's Magazine" must be paid at the Office *where it is received*. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
Five Cents a Number; $2 50 a Year.

[*From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan.* 13, 1859.]

Harper's Weekly.—The fifty-two numbers of this attractive and entertaining publication, issued during the last year, have been gathered into a single volume, and now that we see them together, we are surprised at the variety, the sprightliness, and the value of the contents. There is a complete history of nearly all the public events of the year—there are ample dissertations on the leading topics—there are the graceful triflings (not always trivial, however, but profoundly instructive) of the Lounger—there are the tales and stories of Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, &c.—there are the records of jokes, new and old—and, above all, there are those striking wood-cut representations of contemporary men and things, of follies and fashions, and of customs and countries—all contained within a single volume, and to be had for a song. It is a grand picture-book of the human life of the nineteenth century, in all its phases, and in nearly all nations. Every class of readers, moreover, may be interested by it—the old and thoughtful, the young and gay; the man of business, the child and the woman.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve *or* Twenty-five Subscribers.

Terms for Advertising.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

*** Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.